THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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HOME RULE OR DISSOLUTION.

The Parnellite Members Called Upon to Seize the First Favorable Opportunity to Turn the Government Out.

Away With the Unmanly Policy of Dependence On Any English Party, Friendly Or Unfriendly.

"The Liberal government has been tried and found wanting" was in effect the verdict of the great National convention held in Dublin. It was impossible that any body of intelligent men could have arrived at any other. For nearly two years the government has been in office, and, notwithstanding the promises made on its behalf by the Irish Whigs, nothing, absolutely nothing, has been done for Ireland. It is true that a decision was given by the house of commons in favor of home rule, and it was possible to look upon that decision as an evidence of an advance; but the declaration of Lord Rosebery has robbed it of its value, while the resolution of the government, as announced by Sir William Harcourt, to devote the remainder of the present parliament to English measures cuts out home rule from the programme in which it held first place. So far, then, Ireland has gained nothing. On the contrary, the home rule cause has suffered and must still suffer by its definite postponement. The English people who saw it blocking the way are now free, or think they are free, to give their undivided attention to purely English questions. To bring about such a condition of affairs has been their hearts' desire for the past fourteen years. Whigs and Tories have striven for it, but until now they saw no prospect of it. The genius of Parnell and his independent and defiant policy kept Ireland to the front. And if that position is to be regained for her there is only one way, and that is Parnell's way.

The evicted tenants have been fooled to the top of their bent. They were told by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, a member of the government, that within a month after the return of the Liberals to power the landgrabber would vanish, and that they would be restored to their homes. The landgrabber has not vanished; he has kept, and is keeping, a firm grip on the evicted holding. For the one grabber in the land when Mr. Shaw-Lefevre made this boastful promise, there are now three. This is a fact known to every Federationist in the country months ago. The tenants were told by Mr. Dillon that Mr. Morley had their Restoration bill ready. But now the seceders are forced to confess that there is no prospect of the bill becoming law. But there was one promise made by the seceders which did not need an act of parliament for its performance; that is the promise that the prisoners should be released. Not only has that promise not been fulfilled, but we have the declaration of the home secretary that so long as he is in office he will not release them. Have we gone too far, then, in saying that up to the present Ireland has gained nothing from the government of so many promises, and, in view of Sir W. Harcourt's declaration, that they can gain nothing from the Liberals during the remainder of this parliament? Then having gained nothing, and not being able to gain anything from them, why should they be kept in power by Irish votes? This was the question which the convention was called on to answer. Its clear and unmistakable answer was made in its resolution empowering the Parnellite members to seize what may appear to them the most favorable opportunity to turn out the government.

Gladstone is gone. Gladstone whom, we were told, was to devote the remainder of his life to the restitution of Ireland's rights. In his place we have a prime minister who tells us he is not an enthusiastic witness in favor of home rule, who has declared that not only will he not try to carry it this parliament, but that, if returned to power after the next general election, he will not attempt to carry it unless he has a majority of a hundred in its favor. And, nevertheless, he expects that he and his colleagues are to be allowed to enjoy, by the aid of Irish votes, the fruits of office for the next four years! In the meantime, Ireland is to remain a suppliant outside the door of the house which she so often bent to her will when Parnell's policy held the field. But it may be said, if the Tories came back to power, there shall be evictions, house-levellings, house-burnings and jury-packing. But we have had all these under the present government. Mr. Morley has granted as readily as Mr. Balfour the forces of the crown to the evictor, and his law agents at Cork packed juries as audaciously as Mr. Balfour's law officers did in Maryborough. The Tories, it is true, have voted against home rule, but it should not be forgotten that they were on the point of dealing with the home rule question when Lord Carnarvon was in office. The Liberals having carried the home rule bill through the house of commons, have dropped it. If the Tories take the question up they will carry it through just as they carried the Emancipation act, and we have not the slightest doubt that if they came back to office tomorrow and depended, as the Liberals now depend, on Irish votes, they would make an attempt to settle the question. They would deal at least as favorably with the evicted tenants as the Liberals; and they are not pledged against amnesty as the Liberal government is.

Moreover, it should be remembered that it was by turning out the Liberal government in 1885 that Parnell forced Gladstone and the Liberal party to take up home rule and give it the first place in the Liberal programme. They have driven it into the background, and there they are resolved to keep it if they are allowed. That resolution is a challenge to Irish Nationalists. It was taken up by them at their convention. Their answer, in a word, is "Home Rule or dissolution." Away, then, with this insane unmanly policy of dependence on any English party, whether friendly or unfriendly. We never got anything—never will get anything—from any party except by fighting. Let us profit by the lessons of the past. Let us recall, when we hear this slavish creed of trust in Englishmen, the story of the time "of which," to quote the words of Davis, "Limerick's two sieges typify the clear and dark sides—defiance and defeat of the saxon in one; trust in the Saxon and ruin in the other." One word more; it is not enough to precipitate a dissolution. We must be ready for it and not a day is to be lost. The general election may be upon us within the next few months, and the local leaders should set to work at once to perfect their organization. Let them take for the expression of their policy the glorious words of Davis: "We are true to our color, 'the Green,' and true to our watchword, 'Ireland for the Irish.' We want to win Ireland and keep it. If we win it we will not lose it nor give it away to a bribing, a bullying, or a flattering minister."—*Irish Weekly Independent.*

FATHER CURRY'S MISSION.

We had the pleasure of a visit from the Rev. M. B. Curry, of Nenagh, Ireland, last week, and he fully explained the difficulties surrounding the building of a long sighed for Cathedral church for the Killaloe diocese. "With no facilities of borrowing money of the banks and a refusal to accept mortgages on church property," he said, "each stage of the work must be paid for out of the available subscriptions of the people concerned. But, considering our reduced population and our consequent poverty, the material is not left to bring to completion a work of such magnitude. It is to be the one church of importance in the diocese, and would have been built forty years ago only that the masters of the soil in North Tipperary had blocked the way by absolutely refusing a suitable portion of property on purchase terms to build this Cathedral on. Time, however, the great regulator of men and things, has removed that obstacle, but then a pecuniary trouble starts in." This is why Bishop McRedmond, of the Killaloe diocese, sent Father Curry to represent him on a "beggar's" mission to America. He says that he can well understand the unpopularity of such a work—having regard for the fact that so many from different parts of the world make this country a large field to beg in. Still he maintains that if his countrymen in this city were to give even a nickel each his mission would be successful. The giving of a nickel for charity sake, when a large number giveth, is sure to help the object, and the givers cannot become much poorer even in times like these, when a financial blizzard has been sweeping over the country, and leaving many "out in the cold," to use a hackneyed phrase.

He continued to say that without doing damage to any particular class or party, he could, if only some friends helped out the idea, lecture in available halls, and the proceeds arising from the moderate charge of 25 cents for admission, may in the aggregate do good toward the noble object he represents.

Should his countrymen in Chicago chance to see those remarks of his on the situation, from his standpoint, they have the remedy in their own hands. It won't cost each individual much, and the aggregate sum will benefit the building of the Nenagh church. Father Curry's address is No. 4745 Ashland avenue.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the last meeting of Division No. 17, A. O. H., the following resolutions on the death of Mr. Michael Laughlins were adapted:

WHEREAS, Michael Laughlins was a member in good standing of this division, and has met death at the post of duty. Be it

Resolved, That in the death of Michael Laughlins this division has lost a good, faithful and true brother, and that the sympathy and condolence of this division are extended to his bereaved family.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the records of this division, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to the family of our deceased brother.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Playing Cards.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

Mr. Morrison Gives a Few Points to Ex-Gov. Beveridge Relative to Pride of Descent.

If the Governor Knew as Much About the Anglo-Saxons, as the Irish Now Mexican Does, He Would Blush To Own Such Progenitors.

He said that he was not our brother,
The mongrel, he said what was true,
No, Erin, my dear Island Mother,
He ne'er had his black blood from you.
Though the milk that flows fresh from thy bosom
Gives vigor and health to his veins,
He's naught but a foul foreign blossom
Blown hither to poison our plains.

—*Banim.*

I was sorry to see in your issue of March 17, that my old friend, ex-Governor Beveridge, so far forgot himself as to glorify the Anglo-Saxon race at the expense of the Latin peoples, and that, too, in a State which was first discovered by Spaniards. Perhaps the fact that the blunder was perpetrated in a post-prandial speech ought to be his excuse. The Los Angeles *Herald* treats it in an admirable manner, and any attempt to strengthen its able defense of the Latin races would only weaken it. But as the writer contents himself with exposing the fallacy of insulting the overwhelming majority of the American people by calling them Anglo-Saxons, I ask a little space to show who these Anglo-Saxons are, and if any American, or any one else, can explain why they ought to be proud of such a race I would like them to do so. It is not necessary for the purposes of this paper to show how they invaded England and drove the best of the old Celto-Britons into Wales where they still retain their ancient language and their separate nationality. But I will show from their own writers what wretched, spiritless serfs they were under their own rulers; how they resisted the preaching of Christianity for centuries after the neighboring nations had abandoned paganism; how the truth was brought to them from Ireland; how their youth were educated there; how they were subjugated and lost their king and country in one battle, and how the Normans have ruled them from then till now. In "Hallam's Middle Ages," he says, "no people were so much addicted to robbery, riotous frays and to feuds arising out of family revenge as the Anglo-Saxons. The vengeance taken by the kindred of a murdered man was a sacred right which no law ventured to forbid. Many led a life of rapine, forming large parties of ruffians who committed murder and robbery with little dread of punishment."

William of Malmsbury accuses the Anglo-Saxon nobility of selling their female servants, even when pregnant by them, as slaves to foreigners. "I hoped," says Hallam, "there were not many of these, and should not, perhaps, have given credit to an historian rather prejudiced against the English, if I had not found too much authority for the general practice. In the canons of a council at London in 1102, we read, "Let no man presume to carry on that wicked traffic by which men of England have been sold like animals." And Giraldus Cambrinsis says that the "English before the Conquest were generally in the habit of selling their children and other relatives to be slaves in Ireland, without even the pretext of famine, until the Irish in a national synod agreed to emancipate all the English slaves in the Kingdom."

Again Hallam says: "No man could leave the shore to which he belonged without the permission of his alderman. No man could be without a lord on whom he depended; though he might quit his present patron, it was under the condition of engaging himself to another. If he failed in this, his kindred were bound to present him in the county court and to name a lord for him themselves. Unless this were done, he might be siezed by any one who met him as a robber. A stranger guest could not be received more than two nights as such; on the third the host became responsible for his inmate's conduct."—Laws of Alfred, Athelstane, Edward the Confessor, etc.

It would be difficult to conceive a lower state of barbarism than the above indicates. The lowest American savage was never known to sell his own offspring, and yet eminent English authors openly charge their fathers with this horrid brutality. Did our venerable ex-governor ever read Hallam, and if so, is he really proud of his ancestors when they were ruled by their own kings? I presume Gov. Beveridge will concede that some effort was necessary to redeem these savages from barbarism. To show how reluctant they were to abandon their heathenish superstitions, it may be stated that about the middle of the third century St. Denis preached the gospel in France. St. Patrick began his labors about A. D. 430, and having converted the Irish people died in 493. St. Columbkill established his great religious institution in Iona, in the Scottish Hebrides, in 561, and after preaching to the Scots and Picts, carried his work into the North of England and died in 561; it is stated in his life that about ten years before that time certain missionaries who had labored among the Saxons were banished from England, and it was 103 years after St. Patrick's death, to-wit in 596 when St. Augustine was sent by Gregory the Great to convert the pagan Saxons, and thus we see that all the surrounding countries had embraced Christianity from one to two centuries before St. Augustine began the almost hopeless task of reclaiming them from barbarism. It will probably be news to the governor to hear that his much-lauded ancestors received the first rudiments of education, including the alphabet, from the Irish. Let me give a brief sketch of the educational institutions in those early days. I am indebted to Montalambert's magnificent "Monks of the West," which is one of the most fascinating works I ever read, for the following extracts: "In Ireland, more than anywhere else, each monastery was a school, and each school was a workshop of transcription from which day by day issued new copies of the Holy Scriptures and of the Fathers of the Church—copies of which were dispersed through all Europe, and are still to be found in Continental libraries. They may easily be recognized by the original and elegant character of their Irish writing, and also by the use of the alphabet common to all the Celtic races and employed by the Anglo-Saxons, but to which in our day the Irish alone have remained faithful. Columba (St. Columbkill) has given an example of this unwearied labor to the monastic scribes, his example was continually followed in the Irish cloisters, where the monks did not entirely limit themselves to the transcription of Holy Scripture but reproduced also Greek and Latin authors, sometimes in Celtic characters with gloss and commentary in Irish, like that of Horace, which modern learning has discovered in the library of Berne."

Orelli, in his edition of Horace, says, "This Codex of Berne with its Irish gloss is of the eighth or ninth century. These marvellous MSS. illuminated with incomparable ability and patience by the monastic family of Columba excited 500 years thereafter the declamatory enthusiasm of a great enemy of Ireland, Giraldus Cambrensis, and they still attract the attention of archæologists and philologists of the highest fame. Most of these admired MSS. in Continental libraries are of Irish origin, as has been proved by Zeuss, Keller and Reeves. The MSS. used by the celebrated Zeuss in the composition of his Grammatica Celtica (Leipsic, 1853), contains Irish glosses, upon the Latin text of Priscian at St. Gall, on St. Paul's Epistles at Wurzburg, on the commentary of St. Columbanus on the Psalms, which had been brought from Bobbio to Milan, and on Bede, brought from Buchinan to Carlshrue.

"A crowd of [illegible] ranks, left their country to cross the sea and visit the distant island which was the cradle of their bishops and missionaries—not the Isle of Iona, but the distant island where the great Columba and most of his disciples were born. Of these young Anglo-Saxons some who were inflamed with the love of study or of penance, at once enrolled themselves in the crowded ranks of the great Irish communities. All were received with magnificent hospitality by the Scots of Ireland who freely lavished on them not only food and clothing, but books and instruction. Thus began, under the most honorable conditions and motives as pure as they were generous, the first historical relations between Ireland and England—between the two races, Celtic and Saxon, one of them (England) repaying these early benefits by the blackest ingratitude, has long tarnished the lustre of her glory by the perverse stubbornness of her despotism."

And again he says: "The Irish monks received with kindness guests so greedy of instruction; these Anglo-Saxons who were afterward to repay this teaching with ingratitude so cruel, were of all nations the ones who derived most profit from it. From the seventh to the eleventh centuries English students flocked into Ireland," etc. The eminent English writer, Cambden, has this to say on this matter: "Our Anglo-Saxons went in those times, to Ireland, as to a fair to purchase knowledge, and we often find in our authors that if a person were absent it was generally said of him by way of a proverb that 'he was sent to Ireland to receive his education.' From the Irish our ancient English ancestors appear to have received their method of forming letters and obviously made use of the same characters which the Irish use now. Alfred the Great went also to Ireland to perfect himself in the study of philosophy and the sciences." A volume of citations could be given on this subject, but the above must suffice. Passing over our Danish invaders with the remark that they were totally defeated at Clontarf, on Good Friday, 1014, what Irishman does not remember Moore's glorious melody, beginning as follows:

"Remember the glories of Brian the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er,
The lost to Mononia and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora no more.
The star of the field that so often has poured
Its beam o'er the battle is set,
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet.'

A. L. MORRISON.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A New Picnic Ground.

St. Paul Park is located at Morton, Ill., 14 miles north of Chicago, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. The grounds cover 80 acres on the North Branch river. One-half is a grove of large maples, the other half is a level meadow, suited for base ball, tennis and all outdoor games. Good boating on river, and in every way the most attractive picnic ground in the vicinity of Chicago. For further information, rates, etc., apply to H. E. LAING, City Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 207 Clark street.

LANDLORD RAPACITY.

The Case of the "Wounded Soldiers" of the Land War Stated by An Ulsterman.

Wave After Wave of Desolation Swept Over the Country Until Agitation Arose to Stay the Hand of the Evictor.

The case of the evicted tenants is undoubtedly the crying grievance of the hour. There are greater Irish questions awaiting settlement, but none so urgent. According to the statements of Mr. John Dillon there are fifteen hundred evicted families on the books of the relief committee, representing almost ten thousand human beings, who have within the past few years been driven from their homes with fire and bayonet in the sacred name of the law and at the behest of a few individuals who claim the right of dictating to governments as well as to tenants. And the number in receipt of relief from the contributions of the patriotic represents but a small part of the devastation wrought ty the law-protected spoiler within the past ten or twelve years. It represents, however, a state of thing reflecting very little credit on the greatest nation of the old world—a state of things that cannot be too soon remedied in the interests of internal peace no less than in the interests of the good name which every great, justice-loving people would maintain. The hold which the case of these suffering Irishmen has on the hearts of their fellow-countrymen is sufficiently evidenced by the fact mentioned on March 18, at Knockaroo, Queen's county, by Mr. Michael Davitt, viz.: that the large sum of £230,000 in aid of the evicted tenants has been subscribed since 1877 by the Irish people. We often hear of sympathy, and in many cases it means only a form of words. But when a poverty-stricken people attest their sympathy by making such a sacrifice they give the best proof of faith in the justice of the cause.

The evicted tenants have been described as the wounded soldiers of the [illegible] more than wounded soldiers—they are as those fierce warriors who, while on the ground, inflict the deadliest wounds upon the foe. That, I take it, pretty accurately describes the situation. The poor people have been driven from their homes, and the land on which they ought to be at work lies idle and unproductive on the hands of the landlords. I say idle and unproductive, for that is the condition of most of the derelict farms. Even when not absolutely idle the land is unprofitable to the man who calls himself owner, the profits (so called) not being more than sufficient, if at all sufficient, to maintain the horde of bailiffs and emergencymen who are put on to keep up some show of occupation. In the north we are not familiar with the worst cases of landlord despotism. It must not, however, be assumed that Ulster is all progress and contentment. Those who travel much through the province will often be at a loss to know what has become of that wondrous prosperity of which so much is heard on Unionist platforms. There is not one of the nine counties that does not show enough poverty to belie the rant and twaddle of anti-Home Rulers, not a county without a sad array of dilapidated and ruined cabins, and much of the ruin can fairly be laid to the charge of the grinding oppression of the rent office.

On one large estate there are two hundred farms derelict, and the most of them have been so for over seven years. The landlord would probably deny that these farms are derelict, inasmuch as he keeps up the show of occupying them himself. It would none the less be instructive to see his balance-sheet, and to compare his "profits" in respect to these farms with the returns he might have had by meeting the tenants in the spirit of moderation and equity. I may add that on this very estate the land commission granted reductions ranging from 30 to 40 per cent to a large proportion of the tenants, and—more remarkable still—the reductions were, almost without exception, confirmed on appeal. When such things have been going on within the limits of Ulster we may readily suppose that matters have been very much worse in the other provinces. And such is the fact. The world has been too long familiar with the heartrending scenes attending evictions in every part of Ireland, from Donegal to Cork, from Wicklow to Galway. Who has not felt a thrill of horror as he reads of helpless old people being flung out on the roadside at the most inclement season of the year? Who that glories in the name of Britain can think without shame that to demolish a poor cabin and leave some old creature homeless demands an array of "forces of the crown" sufficient to storm a citadel! If the English people would only reflect on the shame as well as the cost of such exhibitions there would be an end of the matter. That Ireland has for centuries been governed for the landlords is a truism which sums up the misgovernment of the country. The sword of Brennus has at all times been cast into the scale against the tenants, and with the same insulting *Vævictis*—"Woe to the vanquished!" The readiness of the government to back up with all the forces at the disposal of the crown the rapacity of the landlords, under the plea of upholding the "rights of property," has been the real root and origin of all the land troubles and agrarian crime that stain the latter-day annals of this otherwise crimeless country. When there is justice or hope of justice there is no crime in Ireland. It is justice and fair treatment, not shackle and plank beds, that Ireland requires, and her gratitude for the prospect of more rational treatment may be read in the recent addresses of the assize-going judges.

Unionist orators and writers are wont to declaim as if evictions were unknown in Ireland until the tenants began to agitate for more considerate treatment. Before ever there was a plan of campaign or a land league there were evictions—evictions more numerous and more ruthless than those of these times. Wave after wave of such desolation had swept over the country until agitation arose to stay the hand of the evictor, and to bring home to him that he was working out ruin for himself as well as for his victims. We have heard much of the folly of the plan of campaign—"an expensive folly," one Unionist speaker called it. That expedient was tried in only a few places, and I am not sure that in any place did it prove altogether a failure; certainly in no place did it propose terms except such as could be accepted as honorable by any landlord not tied to his old-world notions of "rights of property." Whatever may be urged against such a scheme in the abstract, it was never intended to usurp the place of arbitration or amicable arrangement; it was not meant to be used except as a last resource. The tenants evicted for adherence to the plan are but a small part of the number awaiting reinstatement. No doubt there are among the evicted some who were "able to pay;" that is, there are some who could have found the means of meeting the unjust demands. What "fools" they were to leave their homes! Such is the taunting cry of the worldly wise, who are pleased to forget that if they who choose to suffer in support of their principles are to be called "fools," the brightest names on the pages of history are those of "fools." What "fools" they were who chose horrible death when they could have avoided it by sacrificing to idols! What "fools" they were who, at any time, made sacrifices in behalf of religion or liberty! We owe what liberties we have to such self-sacrificing "fools," not to the worldly wise, self-seeking time-servers, who from their easy-chairs fling flouts and jibes at "the wounded soldiers."—"*An Ulsterman*," *in Manchester Guardian.*

OBITUARY.

MRS. BRIDGET MONAGHAN.

Mrs. Bridget Monaghan, wife of Peter Monaghan, and sister of Patrick and Thomas Monaghan, died [illegible] Henry street, May 4, at the early age of 28 years. Interment took place at Calvary, after solemn high mass at the Holy Family church, Sunday, May 6. The pallbearers were Thomas Burke, Patrick Keane, James Costelloe, Patrick Costelloe, James Lynch and James Coyne. Some beautiful floral wreaths were presented. Deceased leaves one child. She was a native of Tuam, county Galway, and her death will cast a gloom over her many friends there as well as in this city. May she gain the reward worthy of her virtuous but short life.

JAMES MORAN.

James Moran, Curbane, county Roscommon, died April 4, after a brief illness. The deceased was a good neighbor and deserved the respect of all his acquaintances, particularly of those in his immediate vicinity. The funeral, which was large and representative, testified to this fact. Interment took place at Killina, the family burying-ground. Floral wreaths were presented by Miss Ffrench, of Larchgrave, and Mrs. Arthur Brown, of Mount Brown. Mr. Moran died at the age of 66 years, and leaves a family of six children, two of whom, Minnie and John, are in this city. The announcement of his death will cause regret among his many friends in this country.

MRS. MARY MORAN DUFFICY.

Mrs. Mary Moran Dufficy, wife of Michael Dufficy and sister of the late James Moran, Curbane, county Roscommon, died at her residence, No. 325 Maxwell street, on the 7th ult. Deceased was 55 years of age, and though delicate for some time past, her death came sooner than was expected. She leaves a family of six children to mourn her loss. The announcement of her death will be received with deep regret among her many friends here and in her native county. She was of a most agreeable disposition, and made herself beloved by all her acquaintances. After solemn high mass at the Jesuit church the funeral proceeded by carriages to Calvary, where interment took place. The pallbearers were John Broderick, Peter Neary, John Dillon, Michael Flanagan, Bernard Farrell and Michael Conerton. Some beautiful floral wreaths were presented.

Cheap Excursions to the West.

An exceptionally favorable opportunity for visiting the richest and most productive sections of the West and Northwest will be afforded by the Home-Seekers' low-rate excursions which have been arranged by the North-Western line. Tickets for these excursions will be sold on May 8 and 29, to points in northwestern Iowa, western Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Manito, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Montana and Idaho, and will be good for return passage within thirty days from date of sale. Stop-over privileges will be allowed on going trip in territory to which the tickets are sold. For further information, call on or address ticket agents of connecting lines. Circulars giving rates and detailed information will be mailed free, upon application, to W. A. Thrall, general passenger and ticket agent, Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago.

"O'DONNELL ABOO."

Story of How Red Hugh O'Donnell Defeated General Sir Conyers Clifford's Army in the Curlew Mountains.

BY STANDISH O'GRADY, IN "THE BOG OF STARS."

CHAPTER XV.

MARKHAM STRIKES IN WITH THE QUEEN'S HORSEMEN.

As the runaways emerged from the southern fringes of the forest a sight was presented fit to recall to a sense of shame and obedience to their captains the minds of men not utterly frenzied and unmanned by fear. Before them if they could see anything for light lay the great brown bog threaded by its narrow white road gorse-fringed, and on the road the clear midday sunlight glancing from bright morions and armor, the Earl of Southampton's horse advancing under the command of Sir Griffin Markham; quietly, leisurely following Sir Conyers under full belief that the passage of the Curlews had been forced, riding four or five abreast along the road which wound through the great bog that intervened between the wood and "the barricado with double flanckes." What a spectacle for their brave commander when the wood suddenly began to spout its rills and torrents of wild runaways, kerne, gallowglasse, musketeers, common soldiers, and officers tumbling out thence in every direction, falling into peat-holes, and rising and running, the better part without weapons, many tearing of and flinging away their armor as they ran

Markham, a brave man who had a head for war and also an eye in his head, at a glance took in the situation and decided swiftly on his course. When he first witnessed the extraordinary spectacle far out in front at the other side of the great bog, viz., the green wood vomiting forth at a hundred points the whole Royalist army which was to have conquered North Connacht, he was not far from that "barricado with double flanckes," and advancing along the main road which swerved so much, stretching across the bog like a bent bow. But besides this wheel-way there was, as formerly mentioned, another way more direct.

It was a mere continuity of moderately firm ground, rocky and furze-strewn, solid enough for his purpose, which fell in with the main road on this side of the wood. Quickly taking in the situation, he advanced as well as he could, and as swiftly, along this rough short-cut by which the panic-stricken army did not run, and which was open to his use. They poor wretches, for the most part, poured along and on both sides of the main road. So avoiding that shameful torrent of wild humanity, he and his dragoons by this short cut struck in upon the main road behind them, between the runaways and the pursuers. Here Markham formed his men on the road and on both sides of it, the ground being firm enough and charged MacDermot and his gunmen, now disordered in pursuit; charged them, and also broke them, cutting them down in all directions or driving them into the wood and far out into the wetnesses of the bog. Now was the time for Capt. Burke, Sir Miler MacSweeny or some other brave and competent officer to take charge of that roaring flood of ruin, and re-order such of its elements as were not utterly demoralized; for the pursuit was stayed, and the pursuers in their turn overthrown by brave Markham and the cavalry.

CHAPTER XVI.

IS COUNTER-CHARGED BY THE OXONIAN.

Markham's spirited charge gave an opportunity of converting the rout into victory. MacDermot and his gunmen were now shattered and dispersed, driven out into the bog on both sides of that firm ground where Markham had charged. But now while the Royalist dragoons rushed along, sabring and spearing, their ranks quite disordered in pursuit, and while some stood firing pistol shots at the gunmen out in the bog, Markham and his horse came full tilt upon a new and unexpected foe. From the wood emerged Brian Ogue with his century and a half of heavy-armed foot, steady, ranked, in perfect order. Fearing the event, Brian Ogue kept his gallowglasse well in hand, and here, following with slow deliberate foot in the rear of the kerne, emerged to sight. From the green forest came to sudden view that formidable phalanx, their shining battle-axes now dull enough. The Royalist horse were now charged in front by Brian Ogue, while MacDermot's gunmen closing in from the bogs fired transversely through their ranks from each side. Markham and the horse could not win the battle alone. Then as now, horse were no match for foot that would keep their ranks and decline to be frightened by mere show and glitter. Charged by Brian Ogue, Markham could not stand the impact of the Brenny men. Down tumbled horses and their riders to the cleaving of Brian Ogue's battleaxes. Markham too was utterly routed, so routed that he lost "all his pennons and guidons." Brian Ogue handled the Queen's horsemen that day better than I think he ever handled Lily's irregular Latin verbs at Oxford.

There was another Oxford man, but of the Queen's Irish in this battle, Richard Burke, Lord Dunkellin, chief designate of the High Burkes. Brian Ogue in this melee received two wounds, one in the hand and another in the leg. Markham did not escape without receiving some tokens. He had the small bone of his right arm broken "with the stroke of a bullet" and his clothes torn by another.

So the cavalry too broke and fled, following the fugitives, and again the flood of flight and chase rolled down the slopes of the Curlews. The guard so prudently planted at the barricado participated in the disgraceful rout, which was perhaps the most remarkable example of cowardice in this whole shameful business.

There were 160 in number and might have held the pass for hours against any army unprovided with artillery. Clifford had not destroyed the barricado, but merely opened a passage through it. The gap was narrow enough for defense and not wide enough for the torrent of ruin which now sought to pour through. Some wiser than the rest clambered over the rampart and the bristling palisades. Most of the fugitives rushed at the open passage and blocked it. But for the relief afforded by Markham there would have been an awful slaughter here.

Of the beaten army the Meath Irish fared worst. The great mass of the army were Connacht Irish, who were well acquainted with the Curlews and knew good paths over the bogs and through the hills. Many of their officers and lords had, I suppose, been often here hawking. The Meath Irish knew nothing of the country, and so thought of nothing save of rushing straight along by the way they came. The few English soldiers here shared their fate. They were certainly few. As we have seen, Bingham had purged the Connacht army of Englishmen. Bingham meant no slight upon English valor which was and is as good as any in the world, but when English recruits were scarecrows, with whom Falstaff "would not march through Coventry," "a great many diseased, and many mad," what other course was possible for Bingham contending* for his life and honor against Red Hugh, and Granuaile's son, and MacDermot of the Curlews, and Brian Ogue and divers other fire-breathing dragons of the West?

These timber barriers which the Royalists had passed so joyfully that morning proved now an obstacle to their flight. Here, those who still kept their weapons flung them away, and here also quantities of clothes and armor were found. The pursuers consisted only of the 600 fulminators, now reduced to less than 400, and Brian Ogue's century and a half of gallowglasses. But resistance was never thought of.

From the mountains the mingled flood of chase and panic-flight rolled towards the town of Boyle, execution never ceasing, for Sir Griffin seems not to have been able again to get his cavalry into order. Through the gates of Boyle it poured, and kept pouring, till the gates had to be closed against the foe. Red Hugh's lieutenants and their warriors encamped that night under or not far from the walls, and one of the most remarkable battles recorded in Irish history came to an end. In war there is a great deal of luck, and we may observe, too, that scratch armies are admirably fitted for the losing of battles. Here were Meathian Irish and Connacht Irish —men one might almost describe, such was the disjointed state of the land, as of different nationalities; here veterans of the army of Essex, and soldiers drawn from the garrisons; here, finally, were English soldiers mixed with Irish, and the Irish for the most part not regulars, only the rising-out of Meath and Connacht, that is to say, the local gentry and their followers. Yet the little band of conquerors was a scratch army too, so from any point of view it must be accounted a most glorious victory.

The battle was won by 600 musketeers and archers, and a company of Breffnean gallowglasse. A very remarkable battle in every way; lost to the crown seemingly through the cowardice of the Royalist vanguard, or shall we say, of Henry Cosby, who, we may hope, got well killed. In this battle there were slain of the Royalists one thousand four hundred, no quarter being given. MacDermot and Brian Ogue lost in killed and wounded only 240 men. The baggage, standards, etc., and nearly all the arms of the invading army, fell into the hands of the conquerors.

When in reading English history we perceive the intense wrath felt in London against the Earl of Essex and his conduct of the Irish wars, we must remember the sense of imperial humiliation which was felt at a defeat such as the foregoing sustained under his government. The Nine Years' War is throughout a wonder, miraculous everywhere. From beginning to end the insurgent lords only lost one battle, the battle of Kinsale. Yet they were beaten!

* These are the words of the Mayor of Chester, who received and forwarded to Ireland those astonishing levies. Even in great Eliza's golden time, there was an incredible amount of folly at headquarters.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

T. Shea, Tailor.

238 W. Harrison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60. also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Battle-field Mummies.

A sea captain, who has recently returned from a long cruise along the South American coast, says a writer in the *Youth's Companion*, reports some very strange and interesting sights, especially in Peru. He visited the battle-field of Tarapaca, where the Chilians defeated the Peruvians with great slaughter in November, 1879. The Peruvians lost 4,000 men, and were forced to leave them unburied on the field. In almost any other country all these corpses would in a few weeks have been reduced to skeletons, either by wild beasts or by the action of the elements. Here, however, for more than a hundred miles on either side of the battlefield there is not a spear of grass, and as a natural result there are no wild animals. The soil, moreover, is strongly impregnated with nitrate of soda, and this, in connection with the hot, dry atmosphere, has literally converted men and horses into perfect mummies. The captain visited the place first by moonlight, and, as may well be imagined, was greatly impressed by the strange spectacle. To all appearance the battle might have been fought but a day or two before. The uniforms were still bright and the steel weapons untarnished. Inspection by daylight brought out a still more curious phenomenon. The hair had continued to grow, both on the men and on the horses, for some time after death. Some of the soldiers' heads were covered with excessively long hair, while the horses' tails were long enough to trail for some distance on the ground.

When War is Declared

Against a man's happiness by his stomach, the enemy may be pacified and brought speedily and easily to terms. That potent regulator of digestion, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, disciplines the rebellious organ thoroughly. Indigestion arises from weakness of the stomach, and the food in it, for want of the power to digest, decomposes and acidifies, giving rise to heartburn, flatulence and pain, besides a multitude of symptoms both changeful and perplexing. But peace soon reigns when the great stomachic is resorted to and used with persistence. Dyspepsia gives rise to morbid discomposure of mind, and even sleeplessness and hypochondria in chronic cases. To the complete dismissal of these the Bitters is fully adequate. Liver complaint, constipation, debility, rheumatism and malaria are completely subdued by this genial medicine.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best ermedy for diarrhœa.

Map of the United States.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

True Heroism.

A writer in The Well Spring says that on the day after the battle of Fredericksburg Kershaw's brigade occupied Mary's Hill, and Sykes' division lay 150 yards ahead, with a stone wall between the two forces. The intervening space between Sykes' men and the stone wall was strewn with dead, dying and wounded Union soldiers, victims of the battle of the day before. The air was rent with their groans and agonizing cries of "Water! Water!"

"General," said a boy sergeant in gray, "I can't stand this."

"What is the matter, sergeant?" asked the general.

"It breaks me all up to hear those wounded Yankees crying for water. May I go and give them some?"

"Kirkland, do you know what you are asking?" said the general. "The moment you step in sight and over the wall, you'll get a bullet through your head. The skirmishing has been murderous all day."

"If you'll give me permission, I'll try it," said the young man.

"My boy, I ought not to let you run such a risk, but how can I refuse? You may go, and may God protect you."

"Thank you, sir," and with a smile on his bright, handsome face the boy sergeant sprang away over the wall, down among the sufferers, pouring the blessed water down their parched throats. After the first few bullets his noble errand became understood, and shouts of admiration instead of bullets followed him. He returned to his bivouac in safety.

Difficult Weddings.

Among the Lolos of western China it is customary for the bride on the wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree, while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs, armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed, the bridegroom clambers up on the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes and pinches from the dowagers, and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off.

Similar difficulties assail the bridegroom among the Mongolian Koraks, who are in the habit of celebrating their marriage in large tents, divided into numerous compartments.

At a given signal, as soon as the guests are assembled, the bride starts off through the compartments, followed by her wooer, while the women of the encampment throw every possible impediment in his way, tripping up his unwary feet, holding down the curtains to prevent his passage and applying the willow and alder switches unmercifully as he stoops to raise them.

As with the maiden on the horse and the virgin on the tree top, the Korak bride is invariably captured, however much the possibilities of escape may be in her favor.—Western Mail.

Old Delft Ware.

The earliest wares for table use imported to this country were tortoise shell and delft. It is impossible to give any list of the many marks found on delft ware. The character of the decoration is frequently oriental, being copied from Chinese wares; hence the pieces are often mistaken and called India. The color of decoration generally used is blue, sometimes combined with green and yellow, the designs bold. The ware is a coarse pottery. The old pieces found here are usually plates, round platters, tiles and occasionally a tea caddy, teapot or "bowpot." Old delft is much sought after for decorative purposes. The pieces made a century ago have Dutch scenes, windmills, etc., and are frequently bulging bodied or flaring topped vases. The word delft has come to be applied to common crockery, wherever made, and many mistakes in definition arise therefrom.

The tortoise shell ware is English. Much of it was made by Whildon, the predecessor and partner of Wedgwood, till 1759. The marble, agate, tortoise shell, cauliflower and melon wares were made by him and by the Wedgewoods and one or two other potters and are really beautiful in color.—Philadlephia Times.

"Cat-a-cornered."

None of our lexicographers gives "cat-a-cornered" (sometimes "cat-a-corner-ways"). "Cater-cornered" is given as "local English and United States." But does anybody in this country say cater-cornered? Worcester gives "catty-cornered" in a bashful note in small type. Halliwell derives "cater-cornered" from quatre, through the provincial "cater," to cut diagonally. But why go so far? Might not "catter-cornered" be only a corrupt "quarter cornered"—that is, quartered by lines through the corners instead of in the more usual way, by lines at right angles to the sides? This etymology seems to be confirmed by a curious bit of folk speech in the upper Hudson country. Our people, in sawing or nailing anything at an angle other than a right angle, do not place it or cut it "quartering," which is the recognized technical term, but "cattering." I am told that in parts of Vermont "cattering" is used in the sense of bias. For "cattering" there is a ludicrous diminutive much oftener used in my neighborhood—namely, "kittering"—that is, somewhat cattering, for is not a kit a little cat?—Century.

A Well Timed Sally.

When Wilson, the English comedian, made his debut, it was in the character formerly supported by Shuter. Upon his appearance on the stage the audience called out for their former favorite by crying: "Off, off. Shuter! Shuter!" Wilson, turning round and with a face as stupid as art could make it and suiting his action to his words, replied: "Shoot her! Shoot her!" pointing at the same time at the female performer on the stage with him. "I'm sure she does her part very well." This well timed sally of seeming stupidity turned the scale in his favor and called down repeated applause, which continued during the whole of the performance.—Exchange.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."

14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."

LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2485, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

GILLESPIE MEN OUT

All But Twenty Agree to Assist Crawford.

SITUATION AT THE ILLINOIS MINES.

The Men at Colchester Strike on Their Own Hook—Winchesters Sent to Edwardsville—Coal Getting Scarce at St. Louis—Striking Ore Trimmers at Ashland, Wis., Want to Hammer the Mayor—All Quiet Yet in the Coke Regions.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 8.—President Crawford, of the Illinois Mine Workers, has returned from Gillespie. He stated that at a meeting held there 600 miners from Mount Olive, Glenarm and Staunton were present and they succeeded in inducing all but twenty of 165 men employed in the Consolidated Coal company's mine at Gillespie to go out.

The Peoria county striking miners through their committee, have issued a a call on the citizens for aid, which is greatly needed. The miners at the Collier mine who were driven out by the strikers have returned to work and have not yet been molested.

Struck for Half a Cent Increase.

Miners in the main shafts at Colchester have quit work because they have not been allowed an increase of one-half cent per bushel—an increase from 4 cents per bushel to 4½ cents per bushel. A telegram was received from President Crawford requesting the miners to stop work. The miners say this has nothing to do with their local trouble.

A telegram from St. Louis says: "The only miners in the southern part of Illinois that are at present supplying coal to St. Louis—Nos. 6 and 7 of the Consolidated Coal company—were in active operation all day, but just how long the miners will hold out it is impossible to say. The stockade around mine No. 7, on the Wabash, has been completed, and 700 miners worked all day within the enclosure under the sheriff's protection.

Sent for Thirty-five Winchesters.

"J. D. Crabb, general manager of the Madison Coal company, who is now at Edwardsville, Ills., wired the general office to ship at once thirty-five Winchesters to that place. The request was complied with. It is presumed that preparations are being made to resume work at Edwardsville today. The existing state of affairs has caused the price of coal to increase from $1 to $3 per ton. While there are no large corporations suffering for coal at the present time the crisis is sure to come within a few days unless the managers of the Illinois mines make hasty preparations for a resumption of work."

WENT HUNTING THE MAYOR.

An Ugly State of Affairs at the Ashland Docks.

ASHLAND, Wis., May 8.—Labor matters here are assuming a serious aspect. Mayor Hubbell swore in as special police twenty-one men who are followers of Charles King, the man who has contracts with several boats to trim ore at 2½ cents, or half a cent less than the union price. These specials intended to go to the docks and trim ore. Having police powers and authority to carry arms it was thought that the union men would not offer them any violence. The mayor's action in swearing them in as police angered the union men.

Four hundred of them gathered and marched in a body to the residence of Mayor Hubbell, with the avowed intention of doing him bodily harm. The mob could not find Hubbell and returned down town. Here they were met by a half dozen special policemen who had been appointed by the mayor and for a few minutes a free fight resulted. No one was seriously injured.

No Bloodshed at the Rainey Plant.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., May 8.—There is little of change to report except that the success of the strikers in organizing 100 of Rainey's men, practically closing down his several plants, has greatly encouraged the leaders, and the tactics of camping around the southwest plants will be adopted. The Rainey management say they will operate their works even if the governor has to be called on for protection. Superintendent Bradford also talked of importing workmen.

Miners Begin Using Dynamite.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., May 8.—Two hundred striking miners went to the mines of Thomas Price at Horse Creek and blew up the boilers and engines with dynamite. Then they destroyed the main ways of the mine, the supplies and other property. Next they blew up a car loaded with timbers and turned several other cars loose on an incline and destroyed them. The sheriff is after the leaders.

Makes the Strikers Uneasy.

ST. CLOUD, Minn., May 8. — General Manger Case's orders that none of the Great Northern's employes who did violence to the company's property or violated United States laws during the strike shall be reinstated is causing uneasiness here among the local A. R. U. men. Twelve men on this division are affected, including President Foster.

On the Mesaba Range.

DULUTH, Minn., May 8.—When work was begun at the Franklin mine at Mountain Iron, a crowd collected, but scattered when the soldiers arrived on the scene. Peter Rooper, the leader of the Finns, was arrested and is now in the county jail.

Watrous Makes a Serious Charge.

MILWAUKEE, May 8.—Department Commander Watrous, of the Wisconsin G. A. R., gives out a statement to the effect that the funds which have annually been sent to Virginia to be used in decorating the graves of Union soldiers buried on and near southern battlefields have not all been used for the purpose intended. Commander Watrous intimates that a large portion of the money received by the Richmond post has been used to build a memorial hall in the city of Richmond.

More Tremors in Greece.

ATHENS, May 8.—Another severe shock of earthquake was felt here and in the Atalanta district. Passengers on board the steamers traversing the straits state that they distinctly saw the earth trembling to such an extent as to cause part of the fortifications of Chalcis to fall.

Griffo Wins from Billy Murphy.

BOSTON, May 8.—After one of the hardest fights seen in Boston for a long time Young Griffo was declared the winner over Billy Murphy at the end of eight rounds. The fight was a good one from the start.

TACTICS OF A MOB.

How the Striking Poles in the Coke Regions Go to War.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., May 4.—A riot occurred at the Painter works of the McClure Coke company. The company made an effort to start this and other plants of the company and the women living at the plant determined to drive the "black legs" from work. They assembled and with tin pans, clubs, coke forks and brooms marched to the coke yard. Sanford White, mine superintendent; Ewing B. Roddy, bookkeeper, and a lot of deputies were on guard. A shot was fired to scare the women. In less than a minute the men living in the houses rushed to the scene when White opened fire on the crowd that numbered over 100.

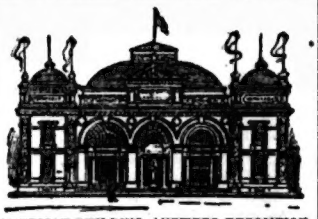
The affray occurred between blocks of ovens and at the first fire from White and the deputies three men fell wounded. One was shot through the thigh, one through both legs and the third in the neck. It is believed the latter is hurt fatally. The women carried off the wounded, and the now infuriated men set upon White and Roddy, whom they seemed to regard as responsible for the shooting. Before a sufficient number of deputies could be massed at this point Sanford White was completely surrounded. He was brutally beaten over the head, knocked down, kicked and bruised about the body. His recovery is doubtful. While all this was going on the deputies had begun to use their Winchesters and managed to shoot one woman, who is said to be dying.

Roddy, the bookkeeper, was thought at first to be badly injured, but he escaped with only slight bruises, and was brought here for treatment. The doctors of town were summoned to care for the wounded. White's wounds were dressed and he was sent to the Miners hospital in Connellsville. A big Hun had a white man down and was standing over him with an ax when he was knocked down by James Tarr, one of the store clerks. It is believed that at least fifteen were shot. There is great excitement throughout the entire region. The strikers are becoming desperate and mobs are assembling at various points to raid the plants now in operation. The operators and leaders of the strike predict turbulent times within the next few days.

ANTWERP EXPOSITION.

It Is Opened by King Leopold and a Host of Prominent Persons.

ANTWERP, May 5.—King Leopold, accompanied by the Queen of Belgium, the princesses of the royal family, the Countess of Flanders, Prince von Hohenzollern,



AMERICAN BUILDING, ANTWERP EXPOSITION.

the cabinet ministers and a host of prominent persons, opened the World's exhibition here with appropriate ceremonies. There were over thirty-five thousand people present.

MEANEST KIND OF PERSON.

Valuable Horses Poisoned to Gratify a Grudge Against the Owner.

WEST LIBERTY, Ia., May 7.—When J. P. Stotteler, a well-to-do horseman living north of this city, went out to his stable he found the stalls filled with dead and dying animals. There were twelve valuable animals in the herd, and it was thought at first that all were dead. Six died before noon, but it is not thought that the others will recover. Among the dead is Ben Harrison, a promising young colt of Brown Cedar; Nettie B., 3-year-old, 2:27. He is among those expected to recover. Mr. Stattler's loss will be between $3,000 and $4,000. It was found that some one had mixed strychnine with the salt fed to the horses, probably with the intent to gratify a personal grudge against their owner. Officers are said to be in possession of clews which may lead to the arrest of the guilty parties.

NEW SENATOR FROM MICHIGAN.

John Patton, Jr., to Succeed the Late Senator Stockbridge.

LANSING, Mich., May 7.—Governor Rich has announced the appointment of John Patton, Jr., as United States senator to succeed the late Senator Stockbridge until a successor is elected by the legislature next January.

Mr. Patton is considered one of the brainiest lawyers and orators in Grand Rapids. He is a college bred man, personally popular, and has done much for Republicanism. He is a native of Pennsylvania, 44 years of age, and a lawyer by profession. He is an eloquent and forceful speaker, and in all state and national campaigns is in much demand as a campaign orator. His speeches are characterized by breadth of view, purity of diction and comprehensive knowledge of the subject.

Inquiring into Armor Plate Frauds.

WASHINGTON, May 5.—Captain Sampson, Professor Alger and Lieutenant Ackerman, a board appointed by Secretary Herbert, examined at length evidence submitted by Attorney Wallace at McKeesport to support the allegations of McLuckie and other ex-Homestead workingmen that there have been extensive frauds in connection with the fabrication of naval armor plates, in addition to those already discovered by Secretary Herbert. The board is conducting its inquiries privately and the present purpose is to ascertain whether Mr. Wallace's charges relate to armor plates upon which penalties have not been levied already by the department.

Southern Methodist Conference.

MEMPHIS, May 7.—Bishop Wilson presided over the southern Methodist general conference and the devotional exercises were led by Rev. Horace Bishop of the northwest Texas conference. The most important feature of the session was a report from the committee on appeals sustaining the appeal of Rev. George A. Mandeville from the action of the Louisiana conference in expelling him from the church. The report practically reinstates Dr. Mandeville. No other business of general interest was transacted.

Confirmed as Public Printer.

WASHINGTON, May 3—Thomas E. Benedict of New York has been confirmed as public printer.

WAS AGAINST JENKINS.

REPORT OF THE BOATNER COMMITTEE MAJORITY.

And the Committee Cannot Recommend Impeachment Proceedings in the Noted Northern Pacific Strike Injunction Case—Right of Men to Strike.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—"Judge Jenkins erred in issuing his arbitrary Northern Pacific strike injunction, but he did it honestly and we cannot recommend impeachment proceedings to be brought against him." These are not the exact words of the report made by the congressional committee appointed to investigate that celebrated injunction which has proved so odious to the laboring public, but they set forth the sentiment expressed in the document which was rendered to congress. The report goes into the many intricate details of the proceedings of the court and the causes leading thereto and, after telling what the judge did, says it was done in error, but in honesty and candor.

Rights of Laboring Men to Strike.

The report says the opinions cited by Judge Jenkins in support of his action do not support him at all, but, on the contrary, show clearly that courts of equity cannot enforce the specific performance of the contract for personal service by writs of injunction and other processes. It also recognizes the right of laboring men to strike when they feel like it. In order, however, that more honest mistakes may not be made, the committee recommends the enactment of a law prohibiting such decrees by courts of equity. The committee also finds that the power of the federal courts to appoint receivers for railways is subject to abuses and that the judges often appoint receivers that are wanted not for foreclosure proceedings but to outwit creditors. These powers, says the committee, are purely of the court's creation and therefore dangerous.

Punishment for Contempt.

The committee would have the cases for which receivers may be appointed in the federal courts fully defined by law. The powers asserted by the federal judges to punish for contempt are also given a sifting, with the conclusion that the unlimited use of such alleged rights is dangerous and should be limited by law. The report closes with the following:

"Your committee is of the opinion that the protection of property rights should be left in the hands of executive officers and that violations of laws should be punished by proceedings defined and provided by law and that in order to prevent the abuse of authority claimed by the judiciary their power to punish for contempt should be defined and limited by law."

HATCH'S REPORT READY.

Anti-Option Measure to Reach the House in a Few Days.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—Chairman Hatch of the house committee on agriculture has finished his report on the anti-option bill agreed to by the committee and will present it to the house. It will be called up for consideration when opportunity offers and Mr. Hatch hopes to see it enacted into law before congress adjourns. He expects to get the right of way some time next week and does not anticipate that any protracted discussion will follow. He believes that it will be passed by the house with reasonable promptness and that the senate will take similar action.

"It looks," he says, "as though the measure would this time succeed in getting upon the statute books. All the objectionable features which have caused the anti-option bill to be antagonized have been eliminated. The only sections which will meet with any serious opposition are those relating to bucket shops. The regular dealers in futures are pretty well satisfied with the bill."

Illinois Prohibitionists Nominate.

BLOOMINGTON, May 4.—The state Prohibition convention rushed matters and reached adjournment at 12:15 p. m. The following nominations were made: For United States senator, Dr. J. G. Evans of Abindon; state treasurer, J. W. Puterbaugh, Mackinaw; state superintendent of public instruction, N. T. Edwards, Kewanee; trustees of the University of Champaign, Mrs. Rena Michaels Atchison of Evanston; Mrs. A. E. Sanford of Bloomington, and Charles A. Merritt of Mason City. The platform was about the same as usually adopted by prohibition conventions.

Pana, Ills., Miners at Work.

PANA, May 7.—There are more coal miners at work than there has been since trouble began. The workers were met by committeess of strikers and told that they would not be permitted to go to work, but they are at work and there was no effort to prevent them. The strikers are caucusing and say that 1,500 men will be here and prevent the men from going to work again. If this report proves true there will be blood-letting.

Fire and Wind Work Havoc.

BERLIN, May 7.—Advices have reached here from Stephani, a town in the government of Volhynia, Russia, showing that nearly the whole town has been destroyed by fire. Five thousand persons were encamped in the fields about the burning town. While thus encamped a cyclone broke over the place, breaking up the rescued property and sweeping by far the greater portion of it away.

Important Nominations.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—The president has sent the following nominations to the senate: Seneca Haselton of Vermont, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Venezuela. United States consuls: George Keenan of Wisconsin, at Bremen; Colin C. Manning of South Carolina, at Fayal, Azores; Edward J. Prickett of Illinois, at Kehl.

Election Crooks Indicted.

CHICAGO, May 7.—Indictments have been returned by the grand jury against a number of men for fraud and attempted fraud at the election held Dec. 19, 1893.

In the United States circuit court at Cincinnati Judge Taft has granted an order restraining the steamer City of Louisville from running at full speed past coal fleets. Petitioners allege that the steamer imperils coal barges.

Santa Fe railroad detectives recently captured George Davis and Charles Smith while breaking into a Santa Fe freight car at Hutchison, Kan. The prisoners pleaded guilty and were sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

BANK SUSPENDS PAYMENT.

The First National of Sedalia, Mo., Fails to Open Its Doors.

SEDALIA, May 4.—The First National bank of this city, one of the oldest financial institutions in central Missouri, failed to open its doors for business. A notice signed by the officers and directors was posted on the door notifying depositors of the suspension. It was brief and as follows:

"We deem it best to close; as affairs now present themselves to us we are forced to this issue and will notify the comptroller of the treasury of our action."

The bank has a capital of $250,000 and was supposed to have a reserve fund of $25,000. The cause of the suspension is attributed to a loss of business brought about by the publication in a St. Louis paper several months ago of a "fake" telegram from this city stating that the bank had failed. Other banks became suspicious and the standing of the First National bank became impaired. The notice of the suspension has caused much excitement throughout the city. It is the general belief that all depositors will be paid in full. The failure of this bank has not affected the remaining five banks and none of them will be annoyed by a run on the part of their depositors.

IN THE COKE REGION.

Only Ten or Twelve Men at Work at Moyer—Strikers Quiet.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., May 7.—The entire coke region is almost smokeless at present. At Moyer but ten or twelve men are at work and nothing is doing at the Paul and Fort Hill plants. Crowds of strikers are assembled at the Moyer plant and their aim is to hold the situation firm as they fear the men would return to work if they should leave.

It was given out that Sheriff Wilhelm of Fayette county would go to Moyer and endeavor to disperse the crowd there assembled; also to serve notices of injunctions upon Michael Barrett, president of the United Mine Workers and other labor leaders who are active in the field, restraining them from trespassing upon any property owned by the Rainey Coke company. The strikers were acting with civility and their leaders impressing upon them at every meeting to go quietly to their homes and raise no disturbance and keep away from saloons.

Great Blaze in Dublin.

DUBLIN, May 4.—The large wholesale and retail drapery, carpet, curtain, upholstery and cabinet stores of Arnott & Co., limited, 11 to 15 Henry street, this city, have been destroyed by fire. Three hundred employes of the establishment who were sleeping on the premises succeeded in escaping. The offices of The Freeman's Journal, adjoining the buildings of Arnott & Co., caught fire, but the flames were extinguished before much damage was done. Lord Mayor Dillon was present at the conflagration and a strong force of troops assisted the firemen. The damage done is estimated at $1,000,000. The fire was the largest that has occurred in Dublin for many years.

Frye Leaves Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 7.—General Frye and his army of 200 filed out of Camp Landers on their way to Washington over the National road. As the army marched through Washington street it was led by the general and Corporal Mullen, who were followed by a flag bearer and a drummer. Before leaving General Frye said that the roasting the local press had given him helped to advertise him and had put $500 into his pocket; that he had "worked" the town to its limit and had a good time. He will reach Washington, he thinks, with $2,000 in his treasury, a greater portion of which will come from the sale of his book.

Kelly Building Boats.

DES MOINES, Ia., May 7.—Kelly's army resumed work on the Fleet at the navy yard bright and early. Sixty boats are ready except calking and coating with pitch. It is expected the army will move some time Tuesday. Professor King, who has been giving exhibitions here the past few days, will lead the flotilla out of the city on his aquatic bicycle and announces he will probably continue at the head of the procession a while, probably till he reaches Keokuk, carrying the Kelly banner.

Failure of a Wichita Bank.

WICHITA, Kan., May 7.—"Suspended. State National bank" was the sign on the bank door, and great alarm prevails in this city. This institution was considered one of the strongest in the west. L. D. Skinner was president and the Lombards were interested in it. The bank officers have not yet made any statement of its condition. Swift & Co. made a deposit of $900 the last thing Saturday. Large depositors are left in a bad financial condition.

Split in Randall's Army.

VALPARAISO, Ind., May 7.—The dissatisfaction with General Randall's methods resulted in a revolt of a portion of that division of the Coxey army and the men left Valparaiso as two armies. Randall, who many of the men claimed lived on dainties while the army half starved, continued as leader of one division while the malcontents chose a general of their own and started for Washington independently.

Crocker to Resign.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—Chief Crocker's purpose of resigning from the head of Tammany was authoritatively made known to leading New York members of congress in a telegram from Mr. Croker himself.

Queen Vic to Visit Russia.

PARIS, May 7.—The Matin publishes an improbable statement to the effect that Queen Victoria will go to St. Peterburg to attend the wedding of the czarewitch and the Princess Alix of Hesse.

Place for a Chicago Man.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—Secretary Smith has appointed DeWitt C. Cregier of Chicago, superintendent of the warehouse for Indian supplies at Chicago at $150 a month.

Bridge Bill Finally Passed.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—The New York and New Jersey bridge bill passed the house under a suspension of rules.

Frank W. Palmer, who has filled the office of public printer at Washington for the past four years, will take up newspaper work in Syracuse when his successor, Mr. Benedict, is confirmed.

R. H. McDonald, Jr. of San Francisco is in jail charged with the embezzlement of $30,000 of the funds of the Pacific bank. He is unable to secure the $100,000 bail demanded.

PRAIRIE STATE NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST GATHERED HERE AND THERE.

Telegraphic Reports of Some of the Events Which Have Taken Place in Our Own State and Compiled for Our Own Readers—Illinois News of Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 7.—The first report of the recently created factory inspection board has laid before Governor Altgeld by Miss Florence Kelly, of Chicago, and shows that during the five months the inspectors found 6,576 boys and girls under 16 years of age at work in a canvass of 2,432 establishments. This does not include hundreds of children ordered discharged because under the age of 16.

All home workers being omitted from the clothing trades for the present year the statement by trades shows 10,297 women and children under 16 to 5,351 males over 16 years of age, or nearly 2 to 1. In the paper box factories inspected there exists a still greater preponderance of women and children compared with males over 16 years of age, the figures being 288 to 228; in the cigar and tobacco trade there were found 1,325 women and children to 3,028 men.

Suicide of a Convict.

JOLIET, Ills., May 4.—William Gordon, a convict from Quincy, committed suicide at the penitentiary by plunging from the gallery around the top pier of cells to the flagging forty feet below. Gordon arrived at the prison three months ago on an eighteen months' sentence. He felt his disgrace keenly, and not being in robust health was not able to do much work. There was several convicts in their cells on sick list, when, with a shriek, Gordon plunged over the rail. Guards hurried to the scene and found him still breathing, but he died before reaching the hospital.

Fighting the Eight-Hour Law.

MOUNT VERNON, Ills., May 5.—The cases involving the constitutionality of the Illinois eight-hour law which was passed by the general assembly June 17, 1893, were argued before the supreme court. The plaintiffs in error were prosecuted and convicted in a Chicago criminal court for the violation in section 5 of the act of the general assembly which provides that "no female shall be employed in any factory or workshop more than eight hours in any one day or forty-eight hours in any one week." In each case it was asserted that that act was unconstitutional because it places unwarranted restrictions upon the individual's right to contract.

Stopped by Winchesters.

CHICAGO, May 4.—Winchesters and deputy sheriffs were all that prevented a small army of strikers from demolishing the brickyards of D. V. Purington & Co. at Blue Island and from attacking the forty brickmakers who are still at work there. Their intention was to destroy these works first, it is said, and then to administer in turn the same treatment to the other yards in Blue Island and adjoining towns where non-union men have refused to come out on strike or stay out.

Illinois Health Authorities Summomed.

SPRINGFIELD, May 4.—Dr. John W. Scott, secretary of the Illinois state board of health, has issued a call for a convention of all county, municipal and township health authorities of Illinois to meet here in conference Friday, June 8, for the purpose of organization for general sanitary purposes, consideration of small pox and other contagious diseases and preparation of matters for future legislation and for an annual state sanitary survey.

Indorsed Black for Senator.

SHELBYVILLE, Ills., May 4.—The Democrats of Shelby county in convention at Shelbyville indorsed the Wilson bill, the income tax and the course of Edward Lane as congressman, and adopted a resolution instructing the delegation to the state convention to favor General John C. Black as a candidate for the United States senate.

Killed During a Storm.

PARK RIDGE, Ills., May 4.—A heavy windstorm struck an unfinished building being erected by H. Schmeltikopf and completely demolished it. One man was killed and three seriously injured. The killed: Albert Koppler of Niles. The seriously injured are: Edward Evers, Gus Miller, Henry Peterson.

Removed by Governor Altgeld.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 7.—Governor Altgeld has removed Robert A. Waller from the board of Lincoln park commissioners at Chicago. Some time ago the governor asked Mr. Waller to resign, but he refused. The removal is the result. No appointment has been made to fill the vacancy.

Candidate of Populists and Miners.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 7. — James A. Crawford, president of the Illinois Miners' union, has withdrawn as the Populist candidate for this senatorial district, being ineligible from not having resided in the district the time required by the law. W. L. Davis was nominated in his place.

Renominated to Congress.

AURORA, Ills., May 7.—The Republican convention was held at Geneva. Congressman A. J. Hopkins was renominated.

In Every Line.

The poet Bryant, while editor of the New York Post, insisted that young poets should be sympathetically noticed in the book columns of the paper. Once a subeditor handed him a thin volume of poems saying that they were worthless. Mr. Bryant looked through the book and then said, "You might say that it is prettily bound and clearly printed."

The editor of whom this story is told also had a soft side for young men who would write poetry.

"Give me your candid judgment of these lines," said the young man of literary aspirations. "Do they convey the idea of poetry at all?"

"Yes, sir," replied the editor, looking them over, "they do. There is something in every line that conveys the idea. Every line," continued the kind hearted man, letting him down as gently as he could, "begins with a capital letter."—Youth's Companion.

A Proposal.

Chollie—Don't you think it would be a noble thing for you to do with your wealth to establish a home for the feeble minded?

Miss Rox—Oh, Mr. Sappe, this is so sudden!—Indianapolis Journal.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

John P. Flanagan, employed by Thiel's St. Louis Detective agency, was shot and killed near Indiana Valley, Ida., by two custom house thieves whom he tried to arrest.

The Archduchess Stephanie of Austria has joined the already full ranks of novelists. She has recently finished an exciting romance, which is to be illustrated by the best Austrian artist.

Miss Ray Fuller of Tacoma, is the first woman to reach the summit of Mount Rainer of Tacoma, which is 14,444 feet above the level of the sea. Her costume was a flannel bloomer suit, thick woolen hose and heavy corked shoes.

Northwestern university is threatened with the retirement of the Rev. Dr. Herbert F. Fisk, principal of the academy, who has been invited to become president of Lawrence university, at Appleton, Wis.

Mrs. L. C. Dwinell of Colorado Springs has been appointed by the governor of Colorado a member of the board of trustees of the deaf, mute and blind institute at Colorado Springs.

* * *

The council at Oskaloosa, Ia., has fixed the saloon tax at $1,000.

Four horses, valued at $1,000, were killed by lightning at Bloomington, Ills. Peter Stuckey, their owner, was injured, but not seriously.

Charles H. Barnum, a young Irishman of Saginaw, Mich., has entered the Jewish church in order to marry Miss Jennie Art, who refused otherwise to accept him.

Henry B. Booth, a business man of Onarga, Ills., was killed by a fall from the roof of his house where he was at work.

Charles Neebee, postmaster at Soldiers' Grove, Wis., was arrested, charged with robbing the mails.

Frank Harvey escaped from the state prison at Jeffersonville, Ind., but was captured after he got away about two miles.

The supreme court at Madison, Wis., affirmed the decision that ex-Treasurer Guenther should pay 7 per cent. interest back to the state up to the time the reduced rate, 6 per cent., went into effect.

* * *

Archbishop Kain removed the ban from The Western Watchman of St. Louis, Father Phelan having retracted his utterances.

Two cases of smallpox exist at Clinton, Ia., one at Carson and one at Pacific Junction. There are several cases of scarlet fever at Glenwood.

Henry G. Bryant, under the auspices of the Geological club of Philadelphia, will lead an arctic expedition to effect the return of Lieutenant Peary.

The Cramps have invited the British admiralty to give them a chance to make a couple of the new war ships that that government intends to build.

The Denver commonwealers left Julesburg, Colo., on foot for Hot Springs, Neb. They say they will go to Washington if it takes till harvest time.

As long ago as 1821 Goethe advocated a ship canal across Nicaragua.

Signora Crispi, wife of the Italian prime minister, is a confirmed smoker of cigarettes. Crispi does not use tobacco in any form.

* * *

Henry French fatally shot Charley Williams, a negro, at Sullivan, Ind., in self-defense.

The Bavarian government has awarded Ridgway Knight, the American painter the cross of the Royal Order of St Michael.

Reinheld Reible was fined $100 at Madison, Wis., for expressing an opinion on the merits of the roster case while he was serving as a juror.

Viva Castle, who was shot by a jealous colored woman in Minneapolis, is recovering.

J. C. Vaughn was nominated for judge and J. A. Hindman for prosecuting attorney by the Democratic convention at Hartford City, Ind.

William Massey was run over and killed by an electric car in West Bay City, Mich., while riding a bicycle.

A wind and hailstorm swept over Superior, Neb., doing much damage to property.

Governor Northen of Georgia has consented to act as a schoolmaster at a spelling bee in Atlanta, to be held under the auspices of the Young Men's Library association of that city.

* * *

Patrick Marvough and Frederick Dill were killed while walking on railroad tracks at Petoskey and Arthur, Mich., respectively. Both men were deaf.

J. H. Churcher, a real estate agent, and several other people were bitten by a mad dog at Clinton, Ia.

Judge Cantrill at Frankfort, Ky., holds that the provisions of the revenue law requiring foreign building and loan associations to pay a license tax of 2 per cent. of their gross receipts in the state is constitutional.

William Brashner, in custody on a charge of counterfeiting, made his escape from United States Deputy Marshal Everhart at Carmi, Ills.

Frank Matthews, a farmer living near Saybrook, Ills., was killed by lightning while planting corn.

The Great Northern has begun operating all trains on schedule time.

The body of a man supposed to be that of Palmer Bedell was found near Bennett, Neb. Bedell had disappeared several months ago. Suicide is suspected.

Western freight rates are becoming badly demoralized. They are not absolutely maintained in any direction, but the Texas and Colorado situations are the worst.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

"I have proven the truth of the above in my own experience. I know Hood's Sarsaparilla to be worthy of more than is claimed for it. I was sick, weak and discouraged. I called on the village doctor, and he intimated that I had **Consumption** and that I would not live long. I had heard so much in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla that I decided to give it a trial. The result is that **I am now well and hearty.** I would recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla

to all who are suffering." MISS DAMA MOFFITT, Box 74, Quincy, Ill. Get **Hood's.**

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c. a box.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 60 Dearborn-st.

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All communications and remittances should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to the Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MAY 12, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS

For the week beginning with the engagements for the present day (Monday) during the coming week.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Shenandoah."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Lost in a Big City."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Camille D'Arville Opera Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Bettler Student."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"America."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"Coon Hollow."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and it is not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers who have received their bills from this office will greatly oblige us by responding promptly to the same. By doing this they will relieve us of the labor and expense of sending out fresh bills, and, besides, discharge their honest debts.

SALISBURY AND THE AMERICAN IRISH.

That big-headed British bulldog, the Marquis of Salisbury, has found his tongue again. His hatred of the American Irish has not been modified by silence. In a speech delivered at Trowbridge, Eng., on the 3d inst., Salisbury said:

"As far as he could see, the country regarded the house of lords as a very good institution for checking the errors of the house of commons. The upper house did not exist for the purpose of opposing the national will but to ascertain that will and to insist upon an appeal to the people whenever a temporary and unreal advantage had been seized by the lower house with a view to altering the constitution. On the main issue of home rule the government had shirked repeatedly. They apparently shrank from asking the electors to pass on their declared policy. Lord Rosebery had given recently as a reason for granting home rule that it would reconcile the Irish in America. 'Are we really to give up our Ulster brethren to slavery in order to please the Triangle in Chicago or the Tammany bosses in New York?' continued Lord Salisbury. 'Are we to sink as low as that? To my mind this is a reason rather for resisting home rule than for granting it. These men to whom Lord Rosebery appeals, whose friendship he is so anxious to secure, are the most bitter, unscrupulous and permanent enemies of everything British that can be found in America. There is no slander strange to their tongues or pens when they refer to British things and institutions. We have many friends in America. I am proud to believe that our friends are the large majority, and I hope that the friendship will always continue. If the majority of Americans would venture to speak their minds, they would, I believe, describe the Irish minority with whom they have to struggle, in language more vigorous than I would presume to use. If any class in America is to be conciliated I would rather conciliate the class that loves us, not the class that pursues us with undying hatred. If the object of the Liberals be to give practical independence to Ireland, the result would be that the Irish in America would be dominant in Ireland too. You would have within four hours of your coasts the most bitter enemies of England. They would command all your trade routes and menace all your ports. You would have for your nearest neighbor an island under the domination of men who have shown their hatred of England by terms and actions which do not permit us to doubt for a moment either their sincerity or permanence. Are you going to hand your brethren in Ulster over to such tyranny which they are pledged to resist by every means in their power?' "

We are told by the cable man that "loud and long cheering" followed Salisbury's remarks. Loud and long cheering is always sure to follow abuse of the American Irish. The reason is obvious. [illegible] only branch of the Irish [illegible] English really fear. And how [illegible] they would have reason to [illegible] if the Irish were only organized and united, as they ought to be, on this continent! As a matter of fact, the spirit of Irish nationality has been allowed to lie dormant, for almost a decade of years, in nearly all the smaller cities of the country. The ground has been allowed to run fallow, and organization has been mostly confined to the great metropolitan centres, where politics, strife and faction too frequently prevail.

We can truthfully say from recent personal experience, that the Irish leaders in America were up to the proper standard of zeal and energy. England could still be made to feel the vengeance of the people and Lord Salisbury hurls his vituperation. America is, at present, an unknown field. Nothing has been done of late to make Irish organization more formidable. There is no secret about this. Irish energy is running more into mere sectarianism, and the brave old spirit of other days is allowed to languish for want of encouragement. England has no reason to dread Irish hatred in America, as long as the present policy of inertion prevails. There should be an Irish national organization, of some kind, in every city, town, village and hamlet of the United States where Irishmen or their children dwell.

It is all nonsense to say that the sons of Irishmen in America have not the same interest in Ireland that their fathers had. They may not have the same interest, as regards mere locality, but they have even a higher interest in asserting, and maintaining, the respectability of the race. They know they can never stand on a plane of genuine equality with the other elements of this country, whose cradle lands are free, until the English yoke upon Ireland is shattered forever.

Perhaps Lord Salisbury's blunt and brutal speech may have the effect of arousing the Irish-American leaders to a sense of their duty. They should be up and doing. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and the other huge emporiums do not constitute America. There are millions of good American Irish outside of those centres, whose patriotic ardor might be utilized, with very little effort. Lord Salisbury says we hate England. Well, we do, and that is the reason we should make our hostility practical. The only way to make it practical is to organize universally—for vengeance and not for humbug.

Salisbury is not more of a British fraud than Rosebery. The latter is a smooth Whig, with a keen eye on the flesh-pots of England for his shrewd Scotch following. He plays fast and loose with the Irish parliamentarians, who are, at present, so lowly fallen that they deserve no consideration from the English, and still less from the Irish. In them "moral force" has been, for the third time since 1829, proved a fraud and a demoralizer. Ireland has had enough of it, and the Irish in America are rapidly arriving at the conclusion that eighty tobacco signs would be about as effective for Irish liberty in the British house of commons as the eighty home rule members, including both wings.

If inquisitive people will inquire, What can be done after parliamentary agitation is finally shelved? we answer. Organize thoroughly, wait the opportunity, and then strike with a force that will bring the British mind once more within the scope of practical politics. Palaver must go.

LITTLE FELLOWS' "BOYCOTT."

The following telegram appeared in the Chicago *Herald* of the 10th inst:

"LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., May 9.—Irish circles in this city have been stirred to the foundation by the action of the local branch of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in placing a boycott on the Finerty-Murphy entertainment, which was to have been given here last evening. Ex-Congressman Finerty, of Chicago, is a member of high standing in the Order, and the manner in which he was treated has caused the local branch to be in bad odor, not only with the members of their own faith, but with the general public. M. J. Murphy was here several months ago and tried to arrange a date with the leaders of the A. O. H. It being hard times, he was not encouraged. About a month ago a newspaper man arranged a date with Mr. Murphy and last evening was fixed as the date for the lecture on 'The Story of Ireland.'

"When the A. O. H. learned of the fixing of the date they got together and secretly planned to boycott the entertainment. They did all they could to make it a failure. They even refused to allow lithographs of the entertainers to be hung in their places of business. Last night they stood around the Skinner Opera House and discouraged people from entering the house. As but fifty-eight persons paid to go in, the entertainment was not given. When the A. O. H.'s saw that they had been successful in their boycott they gave a banquet in their hall. As they entered into no verbal or written contract with Mr. Finerty or Mr. Murphy, their action meets with nothing but condemnation. An effort will be made to have the charter of the local branch revoked. Mr. Finerty and Mr. Murphy acted throughout in an honorable and upright way, and broke no agreement or contract with the A. O. H."

As the foregoing might convey an impression that the Ancient Order of Hibernians in the State of New York are hostile to Messrs. Finerty and Murphy, and their lecture "The Story and Songs of Ireland," it is only right to say that the men in question lectured several times under the auspices of the A.O.H. in the Empire State, and always received courteous and hospitable treatment at their hands. The Little Falls episode was merely local, and grew out of jealousies engendered by a failure on the part of Mr. M. J. Murphy to make an engagement with Little Falls branch, owing to indecision on the part of Mr. P. H. Murphy, the head of the Order in that place. Then Mr. M. J. Murphy arranged a date with a newspaper man of Irish parentage, and, because of this, the local branch of the A.O.H. acted as stated in the dispatch to the *Herald*. This was all. Of course their action was uncalled for and unjustifiable, but such things will happen, especially in small communities, where the human mind sometimes becomes cramped by the narrowness of its surroundings. The statement in the dispatch that Mr. Finerty is a member of the A.O.H. is an error. He has always been heartily in sympathy with the Order, and is yet, but he is not a member, and never has been. The leading officers of the Order, National and State, are among Mr. Finerty's warmest friends. Little Falls is only another case of "Shoo Fly."

THE MOORE CELEBRATION, MAY 28.

The 115th anniversary of the birth of the great Irish national poet, Thomas Moore, whose genius redeemed the music of his country from neglect and consequent decay, will be celebrated at Central Music Hall, this city, on Monday evening, May 28, by oratory and song. The orator of the occasion will be the Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly, of Michigan, one of the foremost lecturers of America, who has made the poetry of Moore, and others of the bards of Ireland, a life long study. His lecture will be something to be long remembered by all who may have the pleasure of hearing him.

The musical part of the programme will be led by Mr. M. J. Murphy, the famous Irish-American baritone singer, whose vocal powers, as displayed at the Moore demonstration of last year, created so favorable an impression. Mr. Murphy will be seconded by well known artists of this city, whose names will be announced later on.

Both Dr. O'Reilly and Mr. Murphy are intense Irish nationalists and will, therefore, be "in their element" on an occasion of the kind. It is hoped and expected that they will be greeted by an overflowing house, and that the celebration will redound to the credit of the Irish-American element of this city.

CHURCHILL'S DOWNFALL.

On a recent occasion, in the house of commons, Lord Randolph Churchill made a maudlin and incoherent speech on the subject of a grant to the Duke of Coburg. In an unfortunate moment for his political reputation, or rather for the little of it that was left, he rose up to speak in an inebriated condition, and delivered himself of the most rambling and idiotic speech that the house of commons ever was compelled to listen to. His political friends covered their faces with shame at the indecent exhibition he was making of himself, by the thick and more than usually guttural gibberish that flowed from his lips—a fact which confirmed the house in its impression that too much of the extra dry Veuve Clicquot had flowed down his throat that evening at supper.

Churchill is the youngest son of the father of the late Duke of Marlborough. Randolph's sire was the Tory lord lieutenant in the Beaconsfield administration at a time—1879-'80—when there was a partial famine in Ireland. At that period Randolph Churchill, who had been a member of the house of commons for some years previously, during which time he was one of the many obscurities of that chamber, suddenly became famous by forming a fourth party. There had been, before this revolt of Randy, as he used to be called, against Beaconsfield's authority, only three parties in the house of commons—the Tory or Government, the Liberal, and the Irish parties. Churchill's followers were only three, two of whom afterwards became famous, Balfour particularly, and Baron de Wolff. Though this was a very wee clique, it gave more trouble and torment to the Tory party and its chief than Joe Bigger with all his blue-books could do. Their motto was that of extreme Toryism, and several of the moderate bills of Beaconsfield had to be withdrawn owing to their opposition. In fact, the four rebels were like so many pins and needles pricking the tail of the Tory lion. The subsequent defeat of the Beaconsfield government in 1885 ended the mission of the Churchillites, and so they decided on dissolving.

When Gladstone was defeated at the general election the following year, and Lord Salisbury—Lord Beaconsfield having died in the meantime—came to power, Lord Churchill had won for himself a high place in the councils of his party by his eloquent speeches against what he called Repeal of the Union. We may say right here that there was a well founded report that Randy used this title, which was given to the O'Connell ite movement of the forties, in order that if he ever became premier himself—which was a very probable eventuality at that time—he could not be accused of inconsistency if he dished the Whigs by introducing a bill for the creation of a federal parliament in Ireland. It was known that he had strong Irish views on the Irish question just then, though he thought it the best policy to suppress them in public, till he might reach in the more or less near future the position of a Tory premier.

Salisbury, fearing lest the Fourth party would, if revived, prick his tail as it pricked that of his deceased predecessor, and that of the Tory party in general, was compelled to appoint Churchill chancellor of the exchequer, and leader of his party in the house of commons, giving his nephew Balfour the chief secretaryship of Ireland.

During his two years career in these brilliant positions he won great fame for himself by the excellence of his budgets, as well as by the exquisite tact and spirit of fair play, with which he led his own forces, and commanded the respect of his opponents. He was no longer a free-lance. He was now as diplomatic a statesman as any, with, of course, the sole exception of Gladstone, in the legislature. He was the idol of the young Tory democracy. So great was his popularity at that time that it was believed in well-informed circles that Salisbury, who showed much weakness at times, would be morally compelled to resign in Randy's favor very soon.

Just then, when he was revelling in the heyday of his glory, a blow was dealt to his domestic happiness by the late Prince Victor, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, who was at the time the betrothed of his brother's present wife. The London society journals of the period gave some prominence to the fact that this princeling and Lady Churchill were seen together at every ball and party.

He then resigned his two posts, and Mr. Balfour succeeded him in the leadership of the house of commons. After his return from Africa, where he is said to have shot a few hundred wild boars, he became so desperate over his domestic grief that he dissipated in the clubs; his brains got muddled with doses of alcohol. This indulgence was beginning to withdraw from him the esteem of mostly all his friends. His political influence was at a low ebb, when the anti-climax occurred the night of his drunken speech in the house of commons. D.

FRANK HATTON.

Hon. Frank Hatton, ex-Postmaster-General, who died recently in Washington, was a true type of the genuine white American. He belonged to the newspaper fraternity [illegible] childhood, and, in the last quarter of a century of his active life, he became the personal friend of nearly every man with whom he was brought in contact, whether Republican, as he was himself, or Democrat, as he was not. Everybody liked Frank Hatton, and it is not too much to say that he liked everybody. It is to be regretted that Mr. Hatton and the late Mr. Blaine could not agree politically. It would have probably made some difference in the fortunes of the last named great American if the other had been his strong supporter.

Frank Hatton was peculiarly an independent man in act and mind. He was a gentleman in the highest sense of that term. He hated cringing, fawning and obsequiousness of every kind. He liked to be called "Frank," and he generally called everybody he knew well Tom, Dick or Harry, without much regard to age or station. This was one of his American peculiarities. With strangers he could be as ceremonious as an old French courtier, but he much preferred association with those who cared nothing for dress parade.

As a journalist, he had hardly a superior in the country. Both as an editorial writer and a business manager he was in the first rank, as his rapid success with the Washington *Post* well proved. He was a conscientious worker, and hard work undoubtedly superinduced the paralytic stroke which resulted in his death. In appearance he was still a young man—middle-sized, mentally active and with nothing of the stolidity of the middle-aged newspaperman about him. With all his mental activity, he was singularly averse to laborious physical exercise, such as horseback riding or walking, and this circumstance, the doctors claim, hastened his death.

Mr. Hatton leaves a widow and one son to mourn his premature departure from a sphere which his abilities adorned and his virtues ennobled. America can never decline in her prosperity or her glory, while she remains capable of producing loyal and gifted sons of whom Frank Hatton was a type.

IRISH WOMEN OF NOTE.

Women were honored and respected in Ireland—even before the advent of the Christian era. While the Roman or Gallic wife was in those early days only a degree removed from the degrading position of a slave, the Irish wife—like the American one of our own time—was socially on an equal footing with her husband, and enjoyed those particular privileges which gallantry freely and willingly bestowed on her sex. All impartial historians admit that in the pre-Christian civilization of Ireland ladies held high and commanding positions not only socially but politically. They had a voice in the nation's council. On several occasions supreme power was placed in their hands, and they took command on the field of battle. Among the more illustrious of Irish queens were three beautiful and learned women: Banba, Fodla and Eri. These were the reigning sovereigns of portions of the island then occupied by the Tuatha De Danaan at the epoch of the successful invasion of the country by the Milesians. Each of these queens gave her name to Ireland, which in the old ballads is called "Banba," "Fodla" or "Erin." Among the other distinguished women in early Irish history were the ex-Queen Scota, a fair Amazon, whose martial prowess has been the theme of poets; Grace O'Malley, of Connacht, the famous sea-queen, who, landing from her galleys on the eastern coast of Ireland, used to strike terror into the hearts of the Saxons of the Pale, and Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, otherwise known as the "Fair Geraldine," who lived in the era of Queen Elizabeth, of England, and whose remarkable beauty evoked many a graceful tribute from the pen of the poet, Surrey. Toward the close of the last century a Cork girl, whose maiden name was the rather inharmonious one of Skiddy, of Castle Skiddy, was the favorite Sultana of Mudi Mahommed, Emperor and Chief Khan of Morocco; while another daughter of Erin, Lady Hutchinson, of Dublin, was the only woman able to influence Robespierre somewhat for the better in inducing him to spare the lives of scores of innocent persons during the bloody Reign of Terror that prevailed in Paris one hundred years ago. In the first half of the present century Ireland produced women novelists of the intellectual caliber of Lady Morgan, and Miss Maria Edgeworth: poetesses like Mrs. Hemans and Lady Wilde, graphic writers on interesting topics, such as Lady Blessington and Lady Dufferin, the latter of whom was also the author of sweet Irish verse. These Irish women of the past proved that the fair sex had the same rights as men to distinguish themselves on Irish soil. Their wee white hands wielded the sword and sceptre with all that adept skill which characterized their sisters of more modern days in the fine art of wielding the most facile and graceful of goosequills. The Irish-women of today, are well and creditably represented in the world of literature and art at home as well as abroad.

The three graces, "Speranza," "Mary" and "Eva," who penned such exquisite poetry for the *Nation* of the Young Ireland era, might not be appropriately ranked, perhaps, among the Irishwomen of today, but as two of the three are still alive, they may merit a passing notice in these pages. It was, we believe, the late Col. Michael Doheny who bestowed the complimentary title on this trio of Irish Sapphos, whose names were Lady Wilde, Mary Downing and Mrs. Kevin Izod O'Doherty. These three singers were, so to speak, children of that intellectual revolution started in 1843 through the combined efforts of Thomas Davis and Charles Gavan Duffy, which created an Irish literature racy of the soil, or in other words, intensely national. Lady Wilde's maiden name was Jane Francesca Elgee. She was the daughter of a Wexford Anglican clergyman, but had passed most of her girlhood's years in Dublin, where she contributed stirring articles in prose and stanzas of eloquent poetry to the pages of the *Nation* under the pseudonym of John Fanshaw Ellis. The style of these effusions was so thoroughly masculine that Duffy, the editor, had an idea that the author was a broad-shouldered, stalwart athlete, the strength of whose arm was on a par with that of his pen. Imagine his surprise, therefore, when, on being introduced to his hitherto personally unknown contributor, he saw before him a tall, graceful, sylph-figure, and a lovely face, whose sweet violet eyes looked into his with all that naive shyness peculiar to the well-bred Irish girl. She was barely 19 at the time, and yet she was not only an accomplished writer, but an apt linguist, whose knowledge extended over most Continental languages. Thenceforward Miss Elgee contributed some stirring national lyrics to the *Nation* over the pen-name of "Speranza." In addition to this work, she used to contribute editorials to that journal one of which, entitled "The Die Is Cast," written in the hot, fiery atmosphere of '48, when the air was rife with rebellion, caused the arrest and imprisonment of Duffy, and the suppression of the *Nation*. When the incriminated article was produced against the editor in the Green street court house, "Speranza" stood up behind the bar and heroically avowed its authorship. Duffy was released from prison after three trials—none of the juries having agreed to convict him. In the early fifties Miss Elgee married the famous Irish optician, Dr., afterward Sir William, Wilde, who was also a Gaelic scholar and a distinguished antiquarian. Lady Wilde's present home is in London, where the artistic and literary *elite* of the big city assemble at her weekly receptions. She is, as our readers are probably aware, the mother of Oscar O'Flaherty Wilde, the well-known esthete and dramatist.

"Mary," of the *Nation*, was Mary Downing, a native of Cork, who, in 1848, wrote so energetically of the "pathos of a pike head and the logic of a blow" in the pages of that newspaper. She was a fiery patriot in the early years of her life. Jilted—so the story goes—by another of the *Nation's* poets, she retired from the world after the cataclysm of Ballingarry to a convent, where she devoted herself to the composition of religious verse, a collection of which was published some years ago under the auspices of the late Dr. Leahy, bishop of Dromore. Sister Mary passed away in the odor of sanctity from this life toward the close of the sixties.

More fortunate in her choice of a lover, Miss Kelly, the "Eva" of the *Nation*, became, in 1848, the fiancee of a medical student, Kevin Izod O'Doherty, one of the Young Irelanders who was sentenced in that year to a long term of penal servitude on the charge of high treason. O'Doherty, before entering his convict's cell, wished to release the poetess from her promise, but she refused, exclaiming, "I would wait an eternity for you, Kevin!" Miss Kelly was true to her word. On his release, several years afterward, they were quietly married and proceeded to Australia, where she has since resided with her husband, who enjoys an extensive medical practice in that colony. "Eva's" poetry was rather of an effective and active than of a contemplative order—her mission in '48 being to arouse her fellow-countrymen by song to a knowledge of their national rights and privileges.

THERE was no lack of post prandial humor at Consul-General Collins' complimentary dinner to Augustin Daly in London. Max O'Rell made the company yell with laughter by his remark that some men are born to be great, some achieve greatness, while some are Americans. Such was the appropriate paraphrase by the witty Frenchman of a remark made in the play of the "Twelfth Night." General Collins' spread was a magnificent success.

THAT peculiarly erratic genius, Rudyard Kipling, who is now in London incognito (as he, very properly, declines to be a menagerie bear for the delectation of over-curious Cockneys) is on the sure road to fame. One of the modern Babylon's great arteries of commerce has been called after his name.

THE evicted tenants' relief bill will, if passed, as it is sure to be, for it is a moderate measure, and has received the assent of Balfour, go very far to relieve these long suffering victims of the late agrarian war in Ireland. If Mr. Morley had drafted it on more radical lines, it would never pass the house of lords. "Half a loaf is better than no loaf at all." THE CITIZEN, therefore, is obliged to condemn Mr. Harrington's opposition to this beneficial measure.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL'S new position, as lord of appeal, gives him a life-peerage and a salary of $30,000 which, however, is said to be much less than his professional income. It is currently reported that he has accepted this position as a stepping stone to the lord chief justiceship with an addition of $20,000 more to his present income. Lord Coleridge, the present occupant of that post, intends to retire on a full pension when the term of fifteen months is up. Russell earned success. From being a poor attorney's apprentice in Belfast, and afterward an attorney himself, he has stepped up the ladder of his profession, year after year, till in a short time he will have reached its highest possible rung. He met his present wife, Miss Mulholland, a sister of the Irish novelist, Rosa Mulholland, in Belfast. He himself is a Native of newry. He is a nephew of Father Russell, editor of the Dublin *Irish Monthly*. He made a fortune over the Parnell commission trial, having received with his brief the sum £10,000, and £500 every day throughout the period of that protracted trial.

SEVENTH REGIMENT NOTES.

The Second Battalion, Companies A, B, D and F, will report for drill on Thursday night, May 17, at 8 o'clock sharp.

The Seventh Infantry will report at Camp Lincoln, Springfield, Ill., on Saturday, July 21, for their annual instruction.

The regiment is still without a home and has been for the past six weeks. It seems strange that the State of Illinois does not provide some place where her soldiers could drill. For the past few weeks the weather has been so wet that they could not even drill on the street, and if the Seventh Regiment does not make a better showing on Decoration Day than any other regiment in line, it is not the fault of the officers and men of the Seventh, but of the State, who has failed to provide a place for them to drill in. There is in the Seventh the material for the finest regiment in the West, but without an armory they can do nothing; they must have a home and that pretty soon. If the friends of the Seventh only stand by it they will be successful. It is to be hoped that something definite will be done in this matter before the end of the month.

The following named enlisted men have been discharged from the service of the State: Honorably, Company B, John O'Kelly, Patrick Mullane; Company D, Denis Dwyer. Dishonorably, Privates John Boyle, T. Brennan, E. Butler, P. Carroll, J. Casey, D. Coffin, S. Coffin, P. C. Condon, J. Cook, M. Costello, F. Curry, J. Denehy, J. Dorcy, H. Fallon, P. Fennell, M. Godsin, Thos. Harty, M. Hayes, J. Jacobs, W. Kennedy, M. Lally, M. Lennan, J. Lyons, J. McCarthy and J. McDermott, all of Company D. Company E, J. J. Coughlin, M. Bowers, J. Browne, M. Tydings, T. Collins, J. Kelleher, W. Dowland, M. Flynn, M. Grogan, P. French, J. Durkin, J. Meany, Thomas McNamara, J. Ollman and T. Ryan. All those men have been dishonorably discharged for non-attendance at drill. They are only asked to come to drill one night each week, and if a man cannot attend those drills he should not join the Seventh or any other regiment, and the sooner all those in the other companies are dishonorably discharged who do not attend the weekly drill the better for the regiment.

The picnic of the Seventh takes place at Ogden's Grove on July 4.

INTEMPERANCE IN HOUSEWORK

Eleanor Kirk Lectures Women Who Are Overzealous in the Discharge of Their Domestic Duties.

Her Surprise at the Manner in Which Some People Throw Away Their Chances of Happiness.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 6.—Ignorance is the only cause of human misery, and intelligence is the only cure. In that short sentence is summed up every moral, religious and ethical truth. No sane person, whatever his thought or creed, will attempt to dispute it, and yet very few people, comparatively speaking, live this truth. They confess their ignorance, and apparently aspire to the best things, but still cling to error in spite of all they intellectually feel and know. And here is the trouble. The intellect is utterly powerless alone. It must be united to the heart's action. The truth must be spiritually felt as well as intellectually discerned.

These remarks are the outcome of the questions and complaints of many correspondents, to whom personal replies are absolutely impossible.

From time to time the writer, who is a friend of every woman who lives on the earth, or anywhere else, has counselled her readers to temperance in work. It is just as criminal for a woman constantly to overwork, making her life valueless to herself and her family, as it is for a man to constantly overdrink. This is a strong statement, but it is a true one. Both are intemperate, dissipated.

"But," you may say, "the woman ruins her health from a good motive; the man drinks from a bad motive."

How do you know?

The woman dissipates in housework, and the man dissipates in liquor, and both are in pursuit of happiness. The wife cannot be happy unless everything is done at the time s e has appointed. The husband cannot be happy unless he has drained his glass. No argument will prevent either, from having their own way. It hurts her feelings and her pride to have her husband a devotee to liquor; it hurts his feelings, and spoils his comfort to have his wife always occupied, always tired, always sad and complaining, and frequently ill.

I believe in women but I believe also in men, and it is a truth that many men, naturally domestic in their tastes, and really fond of their families, have been driven away from their homes on account of the inharmony caused by women who were over zealous in the discharge of their domestic duties.

There are housekeepers whose environment is so peculiar and painful, that it does really seem as if it were an utter impossibility to lighten their load in any respect. And yet there is nothing so bad that intelligence will not change it for the better.

The following are as good specimens of some of the communications received as any that can be given.

"I wish you would tell me what you think of a man who insisted upon his wife leaving her dinner dishes unwashed to accompany him to a lecture?

"Your talks to women are very agreeable and sometimes very helpful, but I do not understand you when you advise women to leave their rooms unswept and go to the park, or the woods, or to sleep. It does not seem to me that any conscientious housekeeper could do such a thing. I love the out-doors as well as anybody, and I am tired to death most of the time as I am cruelly overworked, but I could never be so slack as to shut the front door on a dirty or untidy house!"

These documents could be indefinitely multiplied, but space forbids. One woman boasts that she has an internal tumor which will have to be removed, but that in spite of the pain and weakness she has done all the housework for eight in a family.

Now, I want to ask, do these letters disclose any especial intelligence? On the contrary, are they not founded upon an utter ignorance of natural law, of cause and effect?

The woman with a tumor would probably never have had one if she had kept her mind cool and calm, and had used ordinary common sense about her daily occupation.

There is a period of fatigue, a line of demarkation as it were between life and death, which no woman can pass with impunity, and so she has no moral right to cross it, whether she is in the midst of dish-washing, sweeping a room, making a dress, or writing a book. It is nature's warning, and should be observed, and those who do not regard it always—mark that word—go from bad to worse, until they either wreck the happiness of their homes or destroy themselves.

Some women are as dissipated in their order and neatness, as others are in social life, in attendance upon parties, balls and receptions.

And it all comes from ignorance.

An environment may be hard and difficult to manage, but intelligence will always come to the rescue if people are willing to open the doors and windows of their souls and let the light in.

Again, the woman who thinks more of washing her dinner dishes than obliging her husband, invites all the inharmony into her life which she will be sure to have. In all probability this man would have wiped the dishes for her after the lecture. It is surprising how people deliberately throw away all their chances of happiness and spiritual growth as well as all opportunities of doing good. ELEANOR KIRK.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The formation of the special opera company to present comic and light operas during the summer season at the Schiller Theatre, commencing with "The Beggar Student" next Sunday evening, May 13, has aroused the keenest interest among opera lovers and theatre-goers generally, in Chicago. Mr. Thomas W. Prior, manager of the Schiller Theatre, and Mr. William Wolff, manager of the Schiller opera company, have together created an organization remarkably strong in distinguished principal artists and in vocally and dramatically accomplished people, clever actors as well as charming singers. The scenery and accessories, music, costumes, special features, marches, tableaux, etc., will all be arranged upon strongly popular lines, and the fact that the season, commencing with "The Beggar Student," next Sunday evening, May 13, will be given at summer prices, involving a considerable reduction in the prices of seats throughout the house, is another popular feature of the enterprise.

GAELIC GAMES.

Meeting of the Central Council of the Gaelic Athletic Association—Schedule of Games for the Season.

A meeting of the Central Council of the Gaelic Athletic Association was held on Tuesday evening, at No. 94 Dearborn street, P. F. Guerin, president, in the chair. A schedule of games for the season now commencing was adopted. The council decided to accept the invitation from the Grand Army of the Republic to take part in the parade on Decoration Day, May 30, and T. Terry was elected marshal for the Gaelic Athletic Association for the occasion. A motion was passed requesting the directors of the G. A. A. to allow ladies to enter the grounds free of charge. Following is the schedule of football and hurling games adopted:

May 13—Emmets-Innisfails; Sarsfields-Davitts (hurling).
May 20—Davitts-O'Connells, Liberators-Grattans.
May 27—Grattans-O'Briens; Innisfails-O'Mahonys (hurling).
June 3—Wolfe Tones-Shamrocks, Innisfails-Davitts.
June 10—Sarsfields-Liberators; Davitts-O'Mahony's (hurling).
June 17—Innisfails-Grattans; Sarsfields-O'Briens.
June 24—Emmets-O'Briens; Innisfails-Sarsfields (hurling).
July 1—Open, Emmets-Davitts.
July 8—Davitts-Liberators; Sarsfields-O'Mahonys (hurling).
July 15—Wolfe Tones-Sarsfields; Shamrocks-O'Connells.
July 22—Emmets-Grattans; Davitts-Innisfails (hurling).
July 29—Innisfails-O'Briens; Emmets-Wolfe Tones.
Aug. 5—Liberators-O'Connells; Sarsfields-Davitts (hurling).
Aug 12—Wolfe Tones-Davitts; Innisfails-Sarsfields.
Aug. 19—Shamrocks-O'Briens; Innisfails-O'Mahonys (hurling).
Aug. 26—Open.
Sept. 2—Wolfe Tones-Liberators; Shamrocks-Davitts.
Sept. 9—Emmets-O'Connells; Sarsfields-Innisfails (hurling).
Sept. 16—Grattans-Sarsfields; Wolfe Tones-O'Connells.
Sept. 23—Shamrocks-Innisfails; Davitts-O'Mahonys (hurling).
Sept. 30—Davitts-Sarsfields; Shamrocks-Grattans.
Oct. 7—O'Briens-Liberators; Sarsfields-O'Mahonys (hurling).
Oct 14—Emmets-Shamrocks; O'Connells-Grattans.
Oct. 21—Sarsfields-O'Connells; Davitts-Innisfails (hurling).
Oct. 28—O'Briens-Wolfe Tones; Innisfails-Liberators.

Hurling Contest.

Last Sunday afternoon the Davitts and Innisfails met in an exciting hurling contest under Gaelic rules. Both teams were in good condition, and the game was closely contested throughout. At 3:30 o'clock says the *Herald*, Richard Barry, of the O'Mahony club, acting as referee, threw the ball up between the contestants. Callahan, for the Innisfails, by a well directed "puck" sent it toward the Davitts' goal and Ryan returned it. McCarthy sent the ball to Naughton and the latter took a shot for goal, but Cronin and Fleming foiled the attempt. So far the Davitts were bearing the brunt of the play. A few well-aimed shots from Farrell, Ahern and Rourke brought the ball dangerously near the Innisfails' goal. Higgins and Penny made some good stops and Ahern and Furlong kept on pressing. Conway saved his goal twice, but a clever stroke from Furlong gave the Davitts a goal. Conway hit out and the ball went far down the field. Sexton and White kept it moving until it again reached Naughton, who made several attempts to score. Ryan, Fleming and Hayes made some good stops. Callahan sent the ball again to Naughton, and the captain of the Innisfails scored a goal. Half time was called before any further score was made.

After an interval of a few minutes the ball was thrown up again. Naughton sent it into the Davitts' ground. Sullivan, Phalen and Reilly fought hard against Ed Ahern, Gooley and Owen Ryan. The Innisfails kept the Davitts busy defending their goal until McCarthy by a neat puck gained the second goal for the Innisfails. For some time the Davitts found themselves on the defensive, but Farrell sent the ball to Ed Ahern and the latter ran it into Innisfail ground. Some lively scrimmaging followed. The Aherns and the Callahans worked hard for their respective sides. Rourke, Nelligan and Gooley forced the ball close to the Innisfails' goal. Conway made a good defense, but a well directed puck from Fleming made the score even at two goals each, which remained unchanged at the call of time. The players were:

Davitts—Ed Ahern, captain; D. Ahern, M. Ahern, James Costelloe, O. Ryan, M. Cronin, P. Fleming, M. Gooley, J. Hayes, P. Nelligan, J. Farrell, M. Ryan, J. Lenihan, M. Rourke, M. Flynn, and J. Lehane.

Innisfails—T. Naughton, captain; James, John and T. Callahan, E. Reilly, J. and M. Phelan, T. Sullivan, J. Finucane, M. Conway, T. Sexton, M. Hartigan, J. Higgins, J. Penny, P. McCarthy, J. Egan and Justin White.

HIBERNIAN CONVENTION.

Fortieth Annual Gathering of the Ancient Order in Omaha.

The fortieth annual convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians convened for a four-day session in Omaha, Neb., at noon Tuesday. About 300 delegates, representing every state and territory in the Union, and all the prominent provinces in Canada and Ireland were present. Among them were M. P. Wilhere, Philadelphia, national delegate; M. J. Slattery, Albany, N. Y., national secretary; T. J. Dundon, Columbus, Ohio, national clerk; P. J. O'Connor, Savannah, Ga., chairman national directors, and Directors E. D. Sweeney, Cincinnati; J. M. Clarke, Milwaukee; J. P. Murphy, Norwich, Conn., and T. P. O'Brien, Hamilton, Ontario; P. J. O'Brien, St. Louis; J. J. O'Connor, St. Louis; M. A. Buttmer, T. P. O'Brien, Savannah; M. J. Marsh, Washington; and the Philadelphia Tourist Club, headed by Phillip Dollard; also Will C. P. John of Atlanta, J. T. Ronan, wife and daughter of Savannah, and Patrick O'Neill, of Philadelphia.

IN THE GOLDEN EVENTIDE.

BY JOHN F. GORMLY.

'Twas a song of love and longing that she sang long, long ago,
In the sober twilight sitting, while the shadows to and fro
Flickered softly through the dimness of the old familiar place,
On the shy, pathetic sweetness of her lovely serious face—
Just a song of one who slumbered with the rose upon her breast,
While the waning sunset lingered 'mid the glories of the west;
Of a story never whispered, of a deep true love that died,
In the red and radiant splendor of the golden eventide!

Just a slender little figure in the deep old window seat,
With the evening sky behind her, and the breath of roses sweet
Flowing round her as an incense, from the garden inward blown,
When the early dews were falling, and the sun's red light had flown.
Singing faint as weary song-birds, when the dim, grey woods are still,
And the plover's wail is echoed from the dim and distant hill;
Just a little song of sweetness that the world may never bide,
Just a child that sang my heart away in the golden eventide!

Just a little maid so dainty, with her curls of nut-brown silk,
And her deep, fond eyes of sapphire, and her brow as white as milk;
With her red, moist lips like cherries, when the fair autumnal sun
Peeps across the fragrant orchard in the dreamy hush of noon.
So soft and sweet and winsome, with her fancies and her dreams,
As mellow as the evening when the dying sunlight streams
O'er the purple hills eternal, and the laughing country-side,
In the glamour and the glory of the golden eventide.

They say that Time has done his work—my heart is hard and cold—
That other eyes now hold the light that shone for me of old;
By riverside and woodlawn, in the pleasant summer time,
By the sheen of silver starlight, or the day's meridian prime,
They flout me for cynic, but they little know how deep
Are the hidden springs of feeling and the tears I may not weep;
But they only grope and flounder in eternal fret and strife
Where each little life is modelled on each other little life!

O! for one sweet hour of gladness, as in old familiar days,
O! for one sweet hour of dreaming, in the old familiar ways;
O! for one bright smile to greet me, and for one true heart to beat
All the faster for my coming in the stillness dim and sweet:
Of the green and fragrant woodland where we parted long ago,
And I looked my last upon her while the solemn after-glow
Faded from the shining river and the lighted woods beside,
And my heart grew cold for ever in the golden eventide.

—*Cork Examiner.*

IRISH NEWS.

On the night of April 21 the Catholic Cathedral, Hill street, Newry, was forcibly entered and plundered. When the sexton opened the church the following morning he discovered that four of the boxes, placed for the reception of donations to charitable purposes, had been opened and their contents abstracted. The actual amount taken is not known. All the circumstances went to indicate that the thief or thieves obtained ingress and egress through one of the windows, under which was placed a holy water font, away from its usual location, evidently to facilitate the robbers in their exit. This is the third time within a short period that a similar offence has been committed in the sacred edifice.

Friday morning, April 19, the house occupied by an old couple named Knightly, at the Maherees, Tralee, was discovered to be on fire, and before an entrance could be effected Knightly and his wife were badly burned. The old lady is not expected to survive, though hopes are entertained for the recovery of her husband.

A young man named Mullins, living at Ballylehane Upper, Ballylinan, near Athy, committed suicide in a most horrible manner, about a fortnight ago. He had been employed at Glasnevin cemetery, and some three months ago was dismissed from the position. His family noticed that there was something wrong with his mind lately. On the day he committed the rash act young Mullins got the faucet of a porter barrel, which he charged with gunpowder, and put into his mouth. He then put a match to the powder, which exploded, causing fearful injury to his jaws. The police were communicated with at once, and Dr. Bolton attended and did all he could for the young man, who, however, never recovered consciousness, and died the following day.

At a meeting of the Gaelic League, Dublin, two weeks ago, Mr. T. O'Neill Russell exhibited a copy of the sermon which was delivered in Irish at Chicago on St. Patrick's Day by the Rev. Father Carroll. Mr. P. O'Brien remarked that it was a good sign of the movement that the professional classes were taking a practical interest in Irish, not only the clergy but medical and legal gentlemen.

A sale which shows the high value of land in Ireland took place recently at Cavanquarter, near Ballinrobe, when the tenant's interest in a holding containing 6a 1r 13p, statute measure, and a yearly rent of £5 10s, was knocked down to Mr. Fergus Kilkelly for £165, after some spirited bidding; this with commission at 5 per cent amounted to £173.

On Tuesday, April 17, news was received at Mullingar of a horrible case of wife murder near Ballymahon. From the scant intelligence it appears that at a place called Clancullen, a short distance outside of Ballymahon, reside a family of the name of Cox. At a late hour on Sunday night or early Monday morning, Bernard Cox, a man aged 70, cut his wife's throat with a razor or some other sharp instrument. Before help could arrive the woman was dead and the husband had also cut his own throat. The news of the occurrence was at once communicated to the police, who proceeded to the place and found the man almost lifeless. Cox is believed to be insane. The deceased woman was 65 years of age.

The largest take of mackrel ever registered in the Dingle district occurred on the night of April 15. The fishermen report that they were obliged to cut the nets and part with quantities of fish which they could not manage, the pressure on their gear from the weight of the fish being enormous. Some of the men filled the boats and arranged the nets in the water so as to return and fill their canoes a second time. The following numbers will show the facts of the case in a few instances. Sixty thousand were landed at Smerwick, 30,000 at Brandon Creek, while the captures at the other depots around the promontory are reported to be most extensive. The result of these heavy takes had a telling effect on the prevailing prices.

The death is announced by the Tuam *Herald* of Mrs. Mary Browne, widow of the late Mr. Patrick Browne, and mother of Mr. Patrick Browne, Jr., merchant, Tuam, at the advanced age of 88 years. Mrs. Browne's death has evinced much regret in her family circle and among numerous friends, particularly the poor, to whom she was during her long life ever kindly disposed and charitable.

At Glencoe, county Wicklow, two weeks ago, there passed away an old man named Thomas Davis, at the ripe age of 107 years. The deceased had been engaged at his usual occupation up to a day or two previous to his death. Davis, whose memory was impaired to the last, used to give a graphic description of many of the '98 chiefs with whom he came in contact during that memorable period. He particularly boasted of his connection with the Guerilla Chief, Michael Dwyer, and his comrades Burke and Byrne, to whom he frequently carried provisions and ammunition when they sought refuge in the eagle's rock, an almost inaccessible precipice overhanging Lough Bray. The size of the funeral cortege testified the respect and esteem in which the venerable patriot was held by his neighbors and by all who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance.

A carpenter named Joseph Smith committed suicide at Govan by hanging himself in the kitchen of his house. He had been out of work for a considerable time.

The climatic changes during the present spring, says the Galway *Vindicator*, have been very surprising. In the early days of March we had beautiful sunny summer weather. We are now approaching May Day, and the wind and storm are as piercing as in midwinter. Indeed, in recent years we have had frequently very mild, agreeable winters, but the April showers of the past week or ten days have been most unseasonable. And here in the far west of the island we have been happily free from the terribly destructive storms reported from the southern coasts. Of course we have had no experience in Ireland yet of the furious tornado so destructive of life and property on frequent occasions in America. Sometimes, however, there are people who will insist that we have occasionally cyclones on a small scale, and that the whirlwind may yet develop more fully. There has been no great storm, however, since 1830, over sixty years ago. The 10th of last January was a morning to be recollected. But taking our climate altogether, notwithstanding the frequent showery weather, we have had probably the most enjoyable climate in the world taking it all round. Changes, however, are perceptible; and it will however, be admitted that the present cold wintry weather on the very approach of May Day is most extraordinary.

The death is announced of Miss Henrietta Kirwan, daughter of the late Captain Kirwin, Castlehackett, county Galway. The deceased lady belonged to the old family of Kirwans, and was an honorable lady in every sense, and her dying wish was to be buried in Ireland with her mother at Deansgrange, Monkstown, which wish was duly carried out by her nephew, Mr. John Birmingham, Frankfort avenue, Rathgar, Dublin, and her agent, Mr. M. J. Costelloe, Graigue, Tuam.

Tried and True is the verdict of people who take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The good effects of this medicine are soon felt in nerve strength restored, appetite created and health given.

Hood's Pills do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them.

THE well known Irish musician, Prof. Thos. J. Purcell, organist at the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, will give a concert on Wednesday evening, May 23, at Kimball hall, No. 243 Wabash avenue. Ancient music of Ireland will be rendered by leading artists of this city. Lovers of Irish music will find this a rare opportunity to listen to favorite melodies.

RECORD OF THE LORDS.

On Monday, May 14, a great national demonstration will be held in Hyde Park, London, by "the men and women of Great Britain and Ireland," says the manifesto issued, "to demand the abolition of the house of lords, which has now become absolutely necessary in the interest of all sections of the community." The manifesto is from the National League for the Abolition of the House of Lords, and is signed by Mr. Henry Labouchere, M. P., president of the league, and Mr. C. J. Hunt, chairman of the demonstration committee. The house of lords, this document points out, has persistently opposed all popular reforms until the threats of the people have jeopardized the return of the Tory government. The manifesto also adds: "It is estimated that the lords own fifteen and a half millions of acres of land, realizing thirteen and a half millions sterling annually. Every popular reform is crippled at the birth for fear of rejection by the lords. Are we to be governed by our representatives in whom we have confidence, trusting to the voice of the people to put any necessary check on their actions, or is all their energy and self-sacrifice to be rendered abortive at the dictates of an impossible body of capitalists and landgrabbers? This vital question can no longer be shelved." The following brief epitome of some of the actions of the house of lords is set forth in the manifesto:

AGAINST EDUCATION.

1807—Rejected bill for appointing committee for Council of Education.
1833—Compelled withdrawal of bill for Irish National Education.
1839—Rejected bill for National Education.
1844—Opposed reform of penal laws of Ireland, which made it a crime for a Roman Catholic to teach a child to read.
1860—Refused education to miners' children.

AGAINST RELIGIOUS EQUALITY.

1825—Rejected Catholic Relief bill.
1838-'57—Denied civil and political rights to Jews; bill was rejected seven times.
1834—Refused to allow more than 20 persons to meet for worship in a private house. Three times rejected the Tithe Abatement bill; also bill for legalizing marriage in Dissenting chapels, and forbade Nonconformist ministers to officiate in workhouses.
1836—Ordered banns of Dissenters, marriage to be read before the board of guardians.
1844—Again opposed repeal of the law in Ireland making it a crime for a Roman Catholic to teach a child to read, or to be absent from Protestant services.
1858—Refused Church rates abolition.
1868—Threw out Irish Church Disestablishment resolutions.
1832-'34-'67-'70—Five times threw out University tests abolition.
1869—Mutilated Irish Church bill.
1873-'79—Refused to amend burial laws.

AGAINST THE FRANCHISE.

1829—Disfranchised 40s freeholders in Ireland before granting Catholic emancipation.
1831—Rejected the Great Reform bill, causing open revolution and great loss of life and property. Refused to disfranchise a borough for bribery.
1832—Mutilated reform bill.
1835-'75—Rejected Irish reform bill.
1869—Robbed electors of the third vote by the imposition of the three-corner trick.
1871—Threw out the Ballot act.
1880—Rejected Irish Registration of Voters bill.
1884—Opposed the County Franchise.

AGAINST MUNICIPAL LAND REFORMS.

1830—Opposed land drainage in Ireland.
1836—Mutilated the Municipal Reform act.
1836-'37—Mutilated the Municipal Reform act (Ireland).
1845-'70—Refused compensation for tenants' improvements (Ireland).
1870—Irish Land bill. Compensation refused, and evictions insisted upon.
1880—Rejected Compensation for Disturbance bill (Ireland), causing civil war.
1883—Spoiled the Agricultural Holdings bill.
1893—Rejected the Law of Inheritance bill. Threw out Betterment clause twice.
1894—Mutilated Parish Councils bill—including London Vestries. After great metropolitan agitation, Lords amendment withdrawn.

AGAINST ABOLITION OF CRUEL AND OBNOXIOUS LAWS.

1810—Rejected bill abolishing death punishment for stealing value of five shillings.
1838—Refused mothers custody of their children during separation caused by fault of father.
1839—Continued death penalty for sheep-stealing.
1879 downwards—Rejected Deceased Wife's Sister bill.

AGAINST THE WORKERS.

1842, and for 30 years—Refused compensation to miners.
1868—Emasculated Artisans' Dwellings bill.
1878—Mutilated the Laborers acts (Ireland).
1893—The Railway Servants Hours, Scottish Fisheries, and Employers' Liability bill mutilated.
1894—Wrecked the Employers' Liability bill and Cornwall Sunday Closing bill.

VARIOUS.

1809—Rejected bill taking tax off paper.
1864—Censured government for not going to war with Germany on behalf of Denmark.
1871—Rejected the Army Purchase bill.
1883—Maintained Trap Pigeon Shooting.
1893—Rejected Irish Home Rule bill.

Sam Jack's.

Sam T. Jack's Forty Thieves Company, which has gained a world-wide reputation, for its magnitude and startling features, is the attraction at Sam T. Jack's Empire this week. Manager Jack can congratulate himself upon the wonderful success his Empire is meeting with.

The coming week Violet Mascotte's British Burlesque Company, consolidated with George H. Adams' Big Pantomime Troupe, will be the offering; as the circus bills say, "Two big shows in one."

SGEULTA FIANNAIGHEACHTA.

Eachtradh Lomnochtainn Sleibhe Riabh, Ann so sios, mar leanas.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

A h-aithle sin, ibhios deoch as an g-corn airan ingean, d'a radh leí dul go Lomnochdain agus a radh leis go m-beidheadh féin go cinnte agus matha a mhuintire aige go moch air na mhaireach le Goll, Osgur agus Diarmuid do dhithcheannadh. Gabhas an ingean an corn ann a laimh agus an tan do fuair sí aghaidh an righ agus each air a chéile, éaluigheas go h-uaighneach as an dun agus ni dheárnuidh cómhnuighe no go rainig go Fiannaibh Eirionn, agus air theacht do iad air di, fiafruigheann do Chonán cia acu d'Fhiannaibh Eirionn ba mhian leis d'fhuasgailt air d-tús.

A dubhairt Conán: "Gidh go raibh tridr brathar ann gurb é Diarmuid Ua Duibhne neach do b'annsa leis ann, de bhrigh gur uaigh is mó do fuair sé de bhiadh agus de dhigh, agus fóir é air d-tús."

Leis sin, dáileas an ingean an corn do Dhiarmuid, agus ni tainge d'ibh an deoch ná thainig a neart guile agus gaisge, agus a chruth agus a chomhdhelibh fein ann, agus d'éirigh a uaill agus a ard mheanmuin ann le mór-intinn. Tofrbheadh teóra póg do'n inghin gealgnideach sin. Achd cheana, ibhios Goll agus Osgur, agus cách elle deoch as an g-coirn, agus le n-a linn sin do thearnamh a m-brigh, a neart agus a lán-léith ionnta: agus ba soilbhir, sásach, ardmheanmach iad a n-oic na h-uaire sin.

"A Dhiarmuid," ar Conán, "gluais agus fálgh eolas dem ó'n inghin gus an t-arus ann a bh-fuil an righ do riaghluigeas 'san oileán so, go d-tabhairfinn ár agus easbha sluadh air, agus go loisfainn a dhán agus dheágh-bhaile a n-éirie feóla agus finn-leathair mo chinn, agus fós go d-tabhairfinn lán bidh agus dighe linn."

"Och, mo nuair," do rádh an ingean, "is dolibh an smuineamh do guidhir, a Chonáin. Oir is lámh a n-aghaidh nathair-nimhe, no tuargain dartaigh le dóirnibh, no snámh a n-aghaidh easa do bheagán sluadh dul a m-dáil troda no teangmhála le n-a bhuil do chlanaibh righ agus ródhlath a d-teaghlach m'athar-sa anocht, óir is árd a n-aigne agus is uaibhreach a meanmain, agus is lionmhar a n-draoighthe le córdaibh draoigheachta agus diabhluigheachta, agus gurb é dheanfas sibh-se, mo chombairle-se do ghlacadh, ó tá sibh air bhur réir féin, agus triall go h-Eirinn anns an loing do thug sibh anuso, agus rachfaidh mise libh, óir dá bh-fanfainn d'bhur n-éis do dheanfaidhe mion-ranna beaga agus luaith dhiom; agus bearfam seoide agus mór-lonmhás linn agus ár leór-dhóithin de bhiadh agus de dhigh agus is feárr sin ná dul a n-dáil troda leis an m-buidhin guthuigh éd."

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

MR. JOSEPH J. DOUGHERTY, formerly connected with THE CITIZEN, has, with Mr. A. T. Keath, opened a drug store, the Enterprise Pharmacy, at No. 5101 State street. Mr. Dougherty is a young man of good education, and possessed of a thorough knowledge of the business he follows. THE CITIZEN wishes him and Mr. Keath prosperity, and entertains no doubt as to their success.

LOW RATE HOME SEEKERS' EXCURSION.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad, in concert with its Western, Southern, Southwestern and Northwestern connections, will run a low rate Home-seekers, Excursion May 29, 1894. The rate will be one fare for the round trip, and the tickets which will be limited to thirty days from date of sale, and allow stop-overs, will be sold to certain prescribed points in Kansas, Nebraska, Southwest Missouri, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, New Mexico, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Texas, Manitoba, Northwest Iowa, Minnesota, and North and South Dakota.

Full particulars, rates, time of trains, maps, etc., can be obtained upon application in person or by writing to the undersigned. Secure perfect passenger service and travel via "America's Most Popular Railroad," by seeing your Home-seekers' Excursion tickets read

VIA THE CHICAGO & ALTON RAILROAD, MAY 29, 1894.

The First National Bank

OF CHICAGO.

Statement of Condition May 4, 1894.

ASSETS.

Loans and discounts	$16,343,126.48
Bank building and other real estate	675,000.00
U. S. bonds (par value)	158,750.00
Other bonds	1,793,342.90
Premiums paid	8,100.81
CASH RESOURCES:	
Due from banks (Eastern Exchange)	94,651,886.68
Checks for Clearing House	1,185,390.26
Cash on hand	12,961,668.27
Due from U. S. Treasurer	33,250.00
	18,881,715.21
	$37,792,084.74

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$3,000,000.00
Surplus fund	3,000,000.00
Other undivided profits	181,310.37
Deposits	31,610,584.37
	$37,792,084.74

OFFICERS:

LYMAN J. GAGE, Prest.
JAS. B. FORGAN, Vice-Prest.
RICHARD J. STREET, Cashier.
HOLMES HOGE, Asst. Cashier.
FRANK E. BROWN, 2d Asst. Cash.

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Take Blue Island or Centre-av. cars.

THE NAUTILUS.

Ver[illegible] shell,
[illegible] ride,
O[illegible] dell
O[illegible] tide,
La[illegible] dwarks dwell
By [illegible]

Big[illegible] foamer,
O[illegible] flew,
N[illegible] could stir
O[illegible] crew.
Ha[illegible] mariner
O[illegible]

Bl[illegible] was I,
Gay, light-hearted maid.
N[illegible] are dry,
My [illegible] afraid.
Go[illegible] come, I cry,
To my [illegible]

In [illegible],
Nevermore to be
On the sea-beast's flow
Indolent and free
As this shell was long ago
On the sea!

Venus, take this shell,
Pearly, like a tear.
Ah, I cannot tell
What I wish or fear.
Guard me through the miracle
Dread and dear.
—Edmund Gosse in Cosmopolitan.

MY NEIGHBOR.

A fatiguing journey up six long, winding flights of stairs carried me to the door of the room I occupied in —— street; but, no matter for the name of the street, no one, I am confident, will visit London for the express purpose of satisfying himself that I am to be depended upon, and that there is a house of so many stories in Lambert street. Here I lived in enjoyment of no end of fresh air, especially in winter, and a brilliant prospect up and down the street and over the roofs of the houses across the way.

I was studying painting at that time, learning to paint the landscapes and figure pieces which I produce with so much ease and dispose of with so much difficulty.

At the head of the last flight of stairs in my lodging house was a narrow passage way, in which I was obliged to stop and recover my breath after finishing, much wearied, the 139 steps that led to my paradise, before I could get my key into its lock, and into this passage way opened two doors, one of which, of course, belonged to my room, and the other to some one else's. But who this some one else was I was unable to find out. Was it a man or woman? I was persuaded it must be a woman, and as a woman I always used to think of her and speak of her to myself, and I thought and spoke of her often enough.

Of course I could have settled the question at once by knocking at her door and asking for a match or by inquiring of my landlord, who occasionally honored me with a friendly call, but I scorned resorting to such methods.

Every time I heard the door shut I resolved she should not go out again without my seeing her, and I nearly fell into the street as I frantically attempted to reach far enough out of my window to see her as she came out at the street door.

Was she young and pretty and good? What did she do, and what was her name? My thoughts were perpetually running up those six flights and stopping baffled at her close shut door.

I drew ideal portraits of her in my idle moments, introduced them into all my pictures and would often finish out an accidental face in a study of rocks, much to my instructor's surprise and my fellow students' amusement.

The only comunication I ever had with people in the house was an occasional conversation with the dust colored old woman who cleaned the windows and swept the halls.

A day came for cleaning my windows when it rained heavily, and I could not give the old woman a clear stage by going out for a couple of hours, but told her to clean away and be as lively as she could, while I sat there and painted.

Lodgers, she told me as she polished up the panes, came and went so fast that she forgot one when another came and never knew any of their names.

She had an eye for character, though, and told me the peculiarities of some of them in a quaint way, nailing her sentences now and then with odd, hard words, independently of the general text.

"Gentleman who's under you keeps 'imself quite to 'imself," she said. "Plants out queer sasses in boxes all the time an some of 'em on the balcony itself. P'r'aps makes a kinder tea of 'em, or root drink. Decoctifies."

"And who is in the room below that?" I inquired, more to make her talk than to satisfy any curiosity I had on the subject.

"Empty now. Two dark little gentlemen 'ad it for a fortnight—Jews, I fancy—an as like one another as two spots o' dirt on this 'ere pane o' glass. Spoke a hard biled kind o' tongue an was furriners, most likely Polyanders."

I might have asked her about my next door neighbor, but refrained for fear my pretty romance would be destroyed by a description of a middle aged spinster who wore glasses and wrought green roses in crewel work.

When she had finished the windows and gathered up her brushes and pails, she paused an instant to give a backward glance at her completed task. The sun had broken through the clouds and rested tenderly on the stooping figure of the old woman in her faded rags.

"What a picture!" I thought involuntarily. Then aloud I said, "Will you come some time and let me paint you, Maggie?"

"Me!" she cried, startled.

"Yes, just as you are now, scrubbing brushes and all. Will you come?" I cried, my enthusiasm rising.

"Law! Why d'ye want to paint an old woman like me, Mr. Carroll, with a face wrinkled like a peach pit? Why don't you paint a pretty girl? Old women are painted though sometimes, but only to make 'emselves look young again. Ha, ha!"

It was useless to argue the point with her, so I only said:

"Yes, but I want you, Maggie. Will you come?"

"Law, if ye really wanter 'ave me, I'll come, sir, 'cause you've been very good ter old Maggie."

The sittings began the next day, and I derived much amusement from the old woman's conversation while I painted away with might and main, resolved that this picture should be hung at the salon next spring, and my imagination even went so far as to speculate on the most suitable style of frame.

At first it was only of the other lodgers that old Maggie gossiped, but one day when she was looking very tired I questioned her kindly about herself, and she finally told me her story.

The old woman had evidently taken a great fancy to me, and I wish I could remember the quaint words in which she told me of her girlhood in London and her courtship by a man poor like herself, though much above her in station—a newspaper writer, she said he was.

"When we were first married, we took a little country 'ouse that made me think of a biled dinner, for 'twas painted in red an green an deep yaller—jest like that paint you're mixin up now—carrotty. Then the baby came."

Her whole voice and manner changed, and during the rest of the story she dropped the abrupt witticisms for a tremulous eagerness

"Did ye know I 'ad a son, Mr. Carroll?"

"No," I answered, intent on my work. "Where is he now?"

"'E's a rich man now, an a gentleman," she said proudly and yet with a wistfulness that made me glance quickly at her face.

If I could only get that expression, I thought, and went to work with perfect frenzy on the face.

"How is it that you are not a fine lady then, Maggie?" I asked.

"That's what 'e'd make me—me, d'ye 'ear? who's scrubbed floors for 30 year! But I'd only shame 'im, an folks'd say, 'Dear, dear, an d'ye know 'is mother is a charwoman!' An then 'e'd only be ashamed o' me. No, no, no, I couldn't stand that, an I tol 'im so."

There was an awkward pause, in which I could think of nothing to say to the poor thing, so glanced at her compassionately and thoughtfully mixed some sepia on my palette.

"Ye see, sir, 'twas this way," Maggie went on after awhile. "After Joe died we 'ad nothin, not a ha'penny to buy bread, so I sent the boy to the 'ome for poor children an began scrubbin floors. It was 'ard to let Dick go, but I tried not to sorrer over it, for I knew I couldn't keep 'im. I didn't see 'im for quite awhile then—not till 'e was 5 year, for they wouldn't let visitors in on Sunday, an I was workin all the other days.

"I went up there with my scrubbin things an all one night, for I'd jest come from my work, an 'e didn't know me, sir! 'E ran away an 'id when I tried to kiss 'im. Well, after that I went up whenever I could get away after my work was done at night, though I was awfully tired, an 'e got kinder uster me an liked to build tents by puttin up my broom an mops an wrappin my shawl round 'em. 'E uster call my mop 'Doctor,' 'cause 'e said the end was like Dr. Dick's whiskers. Dr. Dick was the reg'lar doctor at the 'ome, an 'e'd took a shine to my little Dick.

"One day I was washin windows in an office on Turner street, an in walks Dr. Dick. Well, we 'ad a talk, an the end of it was 'e took my Dick to fetch up for 'is son. 'E was a nice, kind gentleman, an I knew he thought a sight o' Dick, but it was 'ard for me, for I'ad to promise not to see Dick after 'e left the 'ome. But I'd no money to fetch 'im up on, an Dr. Dick 'd make 'im a gentleman, an I couldn't stand in the boy's way. 'E'd soon forget me, though it nearly killed me when I thought of it.

"That must 'a' been near 30 year ago, but somethin hurts 'ere," touching her heart, "when I think of the day I said goodby."

There was another pause in which I painted furiously.

"What day's today? The 13th, isn't it? Well, 'twas just five years ago that Dick found me out, an I was still scrubbin. I didn't seem to have no 'art to get anything better to do after I let Dick go. What was the use?

"Dr. Dick was dead an 'ad left my Dick lots o' money an a letter that told 'im all about me, so 'e'd come to look me up an take me to live with 'im. 'E was good, but awful cold an still-like an wore kid gloves an finer close nor Joe ever 'ad. But I ought not 'er say that, for 'e allers is very good to me, jest as if I was a lady, but you see 'e was different, an I never could love 'im like little Dick.

"So I told 'im 'e must leave me where I was, for I couldn't be 'appy in a big 'ouse with fine close an would only shame 'im before folks. An old woman like me! I was too old to change. I'd scrubbed all my life an was goin to scrub to the end. An, said I, 'ye mustn't come to see me on week days when I'm workin either, 'cause 'twouldn't do no good, an folks 'd only wonder.'

"'E got a little mad at that, but I fancy he was kinder glad way down. I said 'e could come on Sundays, an we'd spend that day together if 'e wanted to."

"So now 'e comes every Sunday an takes me to church, an I rig out in the fine shawl an bunnit an things 'e keeps givin me an try to be like a great rich lady.

"It's kinder hard sometimes to think 'e's really my boy, for 'e don't talk like me or seem to belong to me some'ow, but I s'pose it's all right, an 'e's a real fine gentleman, is Dick," she finished, with pride, which poorly concealed the aching mother heart beneath.

"Poor Maggie," I said softly under my breath.

"Why do you say that?" she cried almost fiercely. "I ain't sorry 'bout anything, an Dick's as good to me as 'e can be. Mighty few women's got such a son, I reckon!"

After that we neither spoke till the clock struck 6, and I stepped back to view my work.

It was truly the best thing I had ever done, and another hour's work would have finished it, but the light was going fast, so I began to put away my paints and brushes, and Maggie gathered up her things to leave.

"I wish there was something I could do for you," said I as I slipped a coin into the old woman's hard palm. I felt more sympathetic now that my work was done, and her story seemed to mean more to me than when I was wondering whether to use gray or brown for her faded eyes.

Her face brightened at the words.

"Some time," she faltered, slowly, "if you could paint Dick—jest a little thing for me"——

"Gladly," I answered, "but when and where can I see him?"

"Why, 'e'"— She stopped. "Some time p'haps you'll see my Dick, an I 'ope you'll like 'im. I should like to 'ave you know my son, Mr. Carroll. Good night, sir."

And she was gone.

I had just got back from dinner when there was a knock at my door, and Dr. Davis came in unceremoniously. I was used to having him drop in about that time in the day and rather enjoyed a chat with my gentlemanly landlord, for, though outwardly grave, almost to sadness, he displayed at times a grim humor that was vastly entertaining and was, moreover, a man of education and refined tastes. He rarely spoke of himself and kept his cloak of reserve well buttoned up to his chin—sometimes I even thought he turned the collar up to ward off all personal questions. But I knew him to be a physician with a limited practice and a fine house up on G—— street, besides the row of lodging houses from 115 to 121 West Lambert street.

"How are you, Davis?" I said without changing my position.

"As well as this beastly weather permits any one to be," he replied, taking the only vacant chair. "The fog is so thick outside you could drill holes in it and blast it with gunpowder." But his attention was attracted just then to my easel.

"What's this?" he cried and moved the lamp to get a better view.

I had my back to him; so, after a long silence, I wheeled around to say, rather impatiently, I fear, as I did not understand his hesitation:

"Well, how do you like it?"

"It's truly fine, Carroll. I never dreamed you would do anything like this. Why, my dear fellow, your reputation will be made."

I felt very much gratified, for Davis was something of a critic, and his opinion worth having, but it wouldn't be manly for me to show my pleasure, so I only said indifferently:

"You think it will go then?"

"Go! Now, look here, Carroll, I want this. Name your own price, but I must have it."

"You've seen Maggie, of course, haven't you—the old woman who cleans the halls here?"

"Yes, often," he answered slowly.

"Do you think it is like her?"

"Very like—and yet—older and sadder looking some way. Don't you think so?"

"No. She looked just like that today. She's to pose again tomorrow, for, as you see, it's not quite done yet. This hand needs touching, and the dress should be worked up a little more."

"Yes, but I wouldn't touch it if I were you. It's just perfect now, and you might do too much, you know."

"Nonsense," I said, rather vexed at his tone.

"I must go along now," he said, buttoning up his coat. "I've some business in the next house—119."

I noticed for the first time that he looked ill, and tried to make him take some brandy before he went out, but he seemed in a hurry and couldn't stop.

"Goodby," he said, "and remember the picture is mine."

It was a hot, clammy night, and after Davis left I threw the windows open as far as they were made to be thrown and got as far out of one of them as I safely could by tilting my chair back and extending my legs out into that undefined everywhere called the wide, wide world.

So Davis had bought my picture, and I was to name the price. Well, he was a rich man, I thought complacently, and my price grew in size the longer I thought about it. It did not occur to me that a receipted bill for three months' rent, due last week, might be justly considered as a part payment. I would make the sum large enough to cover my expenses to Paris and back next summer. And then——

I was startled by hearing the door to the next room shut gently. I had not indulged in many dreams of my fair neighbor lately. In fact, my new interest in art had locked the door on my curiosity, and some way now I cared little about finding the key.

I nearly jumped out of my chair, however, when I heard a distinct groan from the next room, and as I sprang to my feet there was the sound of a heavy fall. I rushed into the hall. This was no time for knocking, and I swiftly turned the handle of the door which had so baffled me in my desire to know more of the occupant of the room behind it.

The room was totally dark.

"What's the matter? Can I be of any assistance?" I called, peering into the blackness.

There was no reply, and I brought the lamp from my room and held it high above my head, giving a hasty glance around as I did so.

The room was larger than mine and handsomely furnished, evidently by a person of taste, I had time to think to myself before my eyes fell on a dark figure lying face downward on the floor beside the table.

I quickly put the lamp down, lifted her gently on to the bed and bent over her to see if she were conscious.

To my surprise it was old Maggie, and she was quite, quite dead! I was so stunned that I could not think for a minute. Then I went out, closed the door softly and reverently and ran down stairs.

So this was my neighbor, and I never knew!

On the second floor I met one of the housemaids carrying a lamp, which I took out of her hands.

"Go quickly," said I, "to 119 and tell Dr. Davis that Maggie is dead."

The girl looked frightened, but obeyed without a word.

Then I suddenly thought of her son—Dick, she called him. He must know. I was about to go in search of some one else when I met Davis on the landing in the dimly lighted hall.

"Davis," said I, "we must send for her son. Do you know where he lives?"

I could see even in the semidarkness that his face was working convulsively, but without answering he strode on to Maggie's room, I following.

Two of the maids were in the room now, one of them weeping noisily, for Maggie had been kind to her last winter when she was ill.

But Davis did not notice them. He went quickly over to the bed, dropped on his knees by its side, and taking the poor, stiff, wrinkled hands in his he covered them with kisses.

When he rose and turned toward me, I saw the great tears rolling down his face.

"Carroll," he said gently, "leave us together. Her son is here."—Mae S. Thyng in Short Stories.

Had Lost His Suppleness.

A gentleman who had been somewhat of an athlete in his younger days was telling his growing sons of the feats of agility and strength which he used to perform and promised to put them up a trapeze. According to promise, the gentleman went to the barn with his boys and rigged the ladder in horizontal fashion about 10 feet from the floor. When everything was ready, he of course thought he would "show off" a bit before his children.

He stepped out on the ladder by way of the loft and was soon swinging from it, holding to a round with both hands. The children laughed gleefully, and emboldened by his success the father attempted to hang head downward by his toes, one of his favorite feats in his athletic days. He got down all right, but he couldn't get back. He tried two or three times, but it was no use. Then he got excited. His head was several feet from the floor. If he fell, he might break his neck. Meanwhile the blood was rushing to his head until he thought it would split open.

"Fetch some hay, quick!" he shouted to the now terrified boys. "Put some hay under my head!"

The children quickly brought great armfuls of hay and piled it beneath him, and just as his wife, alarmed by the screaming, came in at the barn door he fell. He was black in the face, and it required several minutes of active work on the part of his weeping wife to restore him to consciousness. He was stiff and sore the next day and unable to attend to his business in the city, but he was able to restore the ladder to its former upright position in a corner of the barn.—Providence Journal.

A Street Car Incident.

It was in a street car, and the usual motley crowd gathered on one of these public conveyances was at its best. The front part of the car was filled with men who were coming from work—clerks, most of them, and all fairly dressed. One laborer, with mud splashed overalls and a tin bucket in his hand, was squeezed between two portly passengers and was the only one of his class in the car. Near the door sat a nurse with a pink bow in her white cap and her long white apron showing her duties. The beautifully clad child with her was restless, after the manner of children, and insisted in dragging the length of her silk coat up the car, looking into each face as she passed with the keenly inquisitive look even in well bred youngsters. Smiles were directed at her from all the men, but she passed them by and went directly to the laborer, holding out her little arms and lisped, "Tate me up." The man hesitated, looking at the nurse, and then as the little girl repeated her command he sat down his bucket and took her on his knee. She staid with him to the end of her journey, the nurse not interfering, and the man's evident delight was only surpassed by her pleasure at being with him. When the car came to her street, the little one got down and said: "Doodby; I like you. Come and see me some day." Then she went out, and the man favored with her attentions was observed to smile dreamily all the rest of the way home.—Pittsburg Post.

Clean Streets.

We must have more of the sense of beauty and æsthetic fitness entering into our domestic, civic and national life. The present municipal officers of our different American cities care but little about it. The condition of our American streets was the occasion of the most caustic comment from foreigners during the World's fair period. Between elegant blocks of buildings, on finely paved streets, they saw oceans of mud, old, discolored papers blowing about, piles of garbage and store sweepings, and crushed cats and other matter festering in the sun. How are we to get rid of these things in our civic life? First, get rid of them in your homes and schoolrooms. Letters in the newspapers do not prick the skin of the lazy, venal officials whose duty it is to clean a city, but who are only mindful to bring out the hoe brigade just before elections semiannually. You must go deeper for reform in these things. You must train a new generation. The boys and girls in your schools will make up the new city boards and mayor and street commissioners. You must train in them a higher sense of home and municipal patriotism, based on a stronger love of fitness, order and beauty. This reform is coming in home and school and city. I think we shall see some of it in our day.—"A Bit of Psychology Applied," Educational Review.

THE GREAT MOGULS.

THE PROGRESS WHICH INDIA MADE UNDER THEIR RULE.

The Monuments of Akbar the Great, Who Welded the Jarring Communities Into a Mighty Empire, and Who Was One of the Wisest and Best Men of His Time.

When we visit Agra and Delhi, we come in contact with the empire of the great moguls, the very name of which strikes upon the mind with picturesque effect. For many centuries after the Aryan invasion of India the country had developed under their rule. They had established the caste system, appropriating to themselves the three highest grades—those of priests, warriors and husbandmen — and assigning to the fourth, the lowest, the non-Aryan aborigines of the soil. The highest caste, —the Brahmans—had developed a great religion and created a literature which in these days commands the admiration of scholars. Buddhism arose, attained great power, but was driven out of India after flourishing 15 centuries—from 600 B. C. to 900 A. D. The country was divided into many kingdoms which contended with each other with varying fortunes. And ingenious people in a fertile land created great wealth, which was too often taken away from the producers by oppressive rulers. India offered great temptations to the conqueror. Alexander the Great penetrated to the Indus and left colonies which survived for some time, but left no traces but the science of astronomy, their coins and the subtle influences of their art, still observed in the remains of the Punjab.

The Mohammedan incursions began early in the eighth century and continued for 700 years. Several Mohammedan kingdoms were established of longer or shorter endurance. The dynasty of the slave kings was founded in 1206 by Kutab-ud-din, who began life as a Turki slave, and the Kutub-Minar, one of the loftiest and most beautiful towers in the world, commemorates his name in Delhi. Timour (Tamerlane), the Tartar, came in 1398, but the traces he left were plundered temples and desolate cities. Many other waves of conquest followed through the Afghan passes from the teeming hives of Tartary. It was a man of the house of Timour—Babar, "the Lion," sixth in descent from Timour—who founded the Mogul dynasty. He found India divided between the local Mohammedan kings, his conquering predecessors, and Hindoo princes. His conquest was easy, but it was his grandson, Akbar the Great, who welded the jarring communities into a mighty empire. Akbar was one of the ablest and wisest men of his age. He reigned from 1556 to 1605, so that he was a contempory of Queen Elizabeth of England. Akbar was a man of liberal views and a statesman of the highest type. He was a great pacificator and organizer. Babar had favored the Mohammedans, but Akbar brought the Hindoos also into public employment and established the foundations of his empire on equal justice to all races and creeds. His own religious views were liberal, and he delighted to bring together the representatives of different religions and discuss with them the tenets of their faith. One of his wives was a Hindoo; another is said to have been a Christian. Finding that no creed was exclusively true, he finally established a new state religion which he called "the Divine Faith," based upon reason and comprising the best practices of all known forms of belief. He worshiped the sun as the best representative men see of the divine soul that animates the universe, while he was himself worshiped by the ignorant multitude, though it is doubtful how far he encouraged this popular adoration of his person.

He did much to correct the practices of the Hindoos. He forbade trial by ordeal, animal sacrifices and child marriages, one of the evils of the present time in India. He legalized the remarriage of Hindoo widows, and although unable to abolish widow burning on the husband's funeral pyre he took steps to insure that the act, if committed, should be voluntary. He abolished the hated tax on non-Mussulmans and had the Hindoo sacred books translated into Persian. He who reads the life of Akbar today finds that he was one of the most enlightened monarchs of his age—one of those great men fit to command and to found an empire. And it was Akbar who really established the empire of the great moguls, whose magnificence we still trace in the unrivaled architectural monuments of Agra and Delhi. Akbar built the great fort at Agra and the marvelous buildings at Fatchpur-Sikri, his favorte residence. The other world famous constructions were by his successors. His line continued with varying fortune, but falling into decay in the last hundred years until his seventeenth successor was banished to Rangoon in 1857 for complicity in the sepoy mutiny and died in 1862.—Cor. Boston Herald.

Pat's Mishap.

A story is told of two Irishmen who were caught asleep one night in the loft of a burning building. One of them hastily drew on his trousers and jumped from the window. In his fright and hurry he had unconsciously pulled on the garment wrong side foremost, with an effect which, when he recovered his equilibrium after the jump, excited his profound consternation. "Pat, Pat," called out his companion, still in the loft, "air ye kilt intirely?" "No, Moike," replied Pat in hopeless tones. "It's not kilt Oi am, me bhoy, but I fear Oi'm fatally twisted!"—Popular Magazine.

A Very Full One.

"I can't start yet," said the omnibus driver. "I haven't got a load."

"Mebbe y'aven't," said the joyous gentleman on the rear seat, "but youse got one full fare, jushe same."—Chicago Record.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHER.

How Johann Heinrich Schulze Came to Make a Sun Print.

The first photographer, Johann Heinrich Schulze—often spelled Schultze—was a professor of medicine in the University of Halle, and he wrote a great number of medical works, most of which are in the British museum library. He was born at Coblitz, in the duchy of Magdeburg, May 12, 1687. When at school, and before he was 10 years of age, Corvinus, the priest of his native hamlet, was struck with his ability. Indeed one day he found him in the garden studying a Greek Testament. His father was a poor tailor at Colbitz. In 1697 young Schulze was sent to the Royal Pædagogium at the University of Halle to continue his education.

In 1701 he began the study of oriental languages, and in 1704 he was admitted into the University of Halle as a student of medicine. He was trained by Professors Stahl, Richter and Eckebrecht. He at the same time gave some attention to antiquarian research and to rabbinic lore. In 1708 he accepted an appointment as teacher in the school of the university, and worked in it for seven years, at the same time carrying on the study of several eastern dead languages. He then attracted the attention of Frederick Hoffman, the Boerhaave of Germany, who engaged him to aid him in his literary and medical work. He made so much progress that in two years he took the degree of doctor of medicine and shortly afterward began to obtain public reputation because of his medical writings. After his marriage in 1720 to a relative of Corvinus he was appointed professor of anatomy at the University of Altdorf.

In 1729 he was appointed professor of Greek, and later on that of Arabic. The Prussian government in 1732 appointed him professor of elocution and antiquities at the University of Halle. In 1738 he was nominated a foreign member of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg as successor to Bayer, and in 1737 he was professor of theology at Halle. He died Oct. 10, 1744. Schulze was the first to print an image of an object by the agency of light. In 1727 he poured nitrate of silver upon chalk, proving that its darkening in sunlight was due to light and not to heat. Then he printed upon the deposit the image of a piece of string tied round the containing glass. This was the first photograph ever taken in the world. Next he pasted printed matter round the glasses containing the deposits and photographed words and sentences.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Image Peddler.

You know these Italian peddle boys who go about with a tray load of plaster images on their heads? They are bigger robbers than the trusts. They make up a lot of the images in the dark, and next morning they name them.

One of the peddlers went into a grocery on Van Buren street on a storm quiet day and begged with the customary pitiful eyes and guileful heart for a buyer. He was so persistent, he assured his hearers so emphatically that all the images were imported, he moaned so perfectly over their ruinously low prices, that the young woman who has charge of the pickle department asked him what he would take for a bust of Shakespeare. He said, "Two dollar."

"Who's this?" asked the fair patron.

"Bacon," said the boy.

"How much for him?"

"Three dollar."

"I'll give you 25 cents for the two," said the girl.

"All right," said the boy calmly, and quickly setting the twain upon the counter.

But she was game. She bought them, solemnly declaring with beautiful heroism they were perfect likenesses, wrapped them tenderly in tissue paper and started home with them in the evening.

But the butcher boy from the Dearborn street side of the store said next morning he had followed her part way home, and he vowed he saw her smash them against a fire plug at Third avenue and skip along without once glancing at the pieces.—San Francisco Post.

Bits of Wedding Tradition.

Knives formerly formed part of the accouterments of a bride. This is easily accounted for by the fact that anciently it formed part of the dress for women to wear a knife sheathed and suspended from their girdles. A bride says to her jealous husband in Dekker's "Match Me In London," 1631:

See, at my girdle hangs my wedding knives.
With those dispatch me.

The use of bridesmaids at weddings is of remote antiquity. Among the Anglo-Saxons the bride was led to the church by a matron, who was called the bride's woman, and followed by a company of young girls, who were called bridemaids. It was at one time the custom for the bridesmaids to lead the bridesgroom to church, and for the bridegroom's men to conduct the bride. This is clearly alluded to in the "Collier's Wedding:"

Two lusty lads, well drest and strong,
Step'd out to lead the bride along,
And two young maids of equal size
As soon the bridegroom's hands surprise.

The bridegroom's men were anciently called bride knights, which was an appropriate name at the period when they actually fulfilled that office.—Philadelphia Times.

Tides In the Earth.

From observations made at two Prussian stations at Teneriffe in 1889, 1890 and 1891, showing slight and continuous changes of position of the plane of the horizon, Dr. von Rebeur Paschnitz has concluded that the relatively rigid surface of the earth is subject to a movement of rising and falling like the ocean movement that produces the tides. The amplitude of the observations is very slight, but the apparatus used made it clearly perceptible. The direction of the plumb line also points to a daily disturbance, which is attributed, in conjecture, to solar radiation. A third kind of movement may be referred to distant earthquakes.—Science.

THE FINANCIAL END.

TRIALS OF THE BOX OFFICE MAN AND THOSE WHO WATCH HIM.

Story of the Bit of Cardboard That Admits One to the Theater—The Manager on the Road Has to Keep His Eyes Open, Says a Man Who Has Been Through the Mill.

There is something about the wear and tear of the duties incidental to the box office that prematurely ages a young man. Stay by him a single day, and you'll know what it is. When he comes to the theater in the morning and arranges his tickets in the rack and counts out his change and the advance sales on that day, it is with an air of resignation such as kings and queens used to wear just before they were carted out for execution.

There are so many tickets of various kinds and prices prepared for each performance and duly dated and numbered and marked with a big letter or number for the day of the week. This larger designation is with the view of handling rapidly. There are drawers containing the tickets of the following days, each day by itself, and when an advance sale is made he puts the money received for it with the tickets for that day. When the day is over, he puts that tray of tickets and money in the safe for the night. The advance money is thus usually kept until the day comes around and then goes into the pile received for the night's performance.

The peculiarity of this business is that everything connected with the box office is cash. The sales are cash sales, and if a combination show is in the house the settlement with the combination treasurer is made in cash at the close of every performance. Simply put, therefore, at the close of the day the difference between the number of tickets on hand in the morning and the tickets left unsold is represented in the cash drawer.

As a matter of particular fact, however, there are numerous complications incidental to the operation, and the treasurer of the house and his assistant —the box office young man before alluded to—become prematurely old and abnormally smart grappling with them.

On the rural circuits the traveling manager is obliged to be very wary in his dealings with the box office man. As soon as the theater doors are thrown open to the public the combination manager or treasurer looking after the interests of the company playing in the house makes his appearance and takes up his stand at the door, where he can watch both the box office and the ticket taker. When you enter any theater where a combination is playing, you'll see this wary individual at his post of duty. He is there on the presumption that the local people will "do" him if they can. He knows all the tricks and wiles of the box office young man and the doorkeeper and takes nothing for granted.

He sees that every comer hands in a ticket of some kind, and that the doorkeeper puts that representative of so much cash in the padlocked box. The pasteboard in that tin box represents the receipts of the house, of which his company has a certain percentage unless playing on a certainty. He carries the key to that box, and if he is "fly" never lets the box go out of his sight. There is another watcher at the gallery door taking the same precaution. Of course he knows the nice box office young man wouldn't cheat him—not for the world! But all the same he is on guard against a possible lapse of conscience.

"On the road," said Billy Keogh, who has had experience in the box office and as traveling manager and ought to be pretty well up in the tricks of both, "the traveling manager goes on the principle that every box office is going to 'do him up' if it can. The first thing he does is to go to the theater and get his mail and 'size up' the local man. And the first thing the local man does is to get 'fly,' and if so it will be diamond cut diamond. That process we call 'jollying' begins at once.

"The traveling man is always on the defensive. He can't beat the other man. All he can do is to prevent the box office from beating him. He must be up to the tricks and as hard as nails. You know in small towns the local treasurer gets a yearly benefit and the doorkeeper gets a benefit. So these two men will 'play' traveling companies for the benefit of their friends at every opportunity.

"The collusion between the box office and the doorkeeper is perfect. Sometimes they are very sensitive about being watched, and sometimes they pretend to be indignant. The most indignant treasurer I ever met was in a place where we caught the doorkeeper, who was on the landing just above the box office, sliding tickets down a crack in the floor into the box office below.

"Take a popular price house and big audiences of from 1,400 to 1,500 people, and in the rush it is hard to prevent being 'done.' If I can manage to hold them down to $10 or $25 margin, I'm pretty well satisfied. A new pocket register has come into use that helps keep run of the admissions. You can stand at the receiver, and with your hand in your pocket count every person that goes into the house.

"When the ticket seller and the doorkeeper are close together, there is the most danger, for they will communicate with each other with a nod or by signs or words that the company's representative will not understand. No, I don't think the house itself often profits by these tricks. It is considered a rule that the house is 'done' along with the traveling company, though this is not always the case, to my personal knowledge."—New York Herald.

"Where Ignorance," Etc.

Bridegroom Elect (who has given every reason he can find to justify his marriage)—Besides, old man, it will improve my position. Now, you were well off before you married, weren't you?

Henpecked Husband—Yes, I was. But I didn't know it.—London Judy.

THERE WAS NO STRING TO IT.

But He Had Abundant Reason Nevertheless to Be Suspicious.

There was a bright new 50 cent piece lying on the pavement on Jefferson avenue, near Griswold street, when a bow backed man with a satchel came along from the depot. He saw the coin while he was yet 20 feet away, and he made a sudden forward rush to get it. The movement was almost instantly checked, however, and he walked slowly forward and backed to the curbstone and stood there and gazed at the coin with a foxy look on his countenance. In about a minute a pedestrian came up, saw the coin and reached for it and put it in his pocket. Observing the attitude of the old man at the same time he turned and queried:

"It didn't belong to you, did it?"

"Waal, I swan!" was the reply.

"What's the matter?"

"This is the queerest durned town I ever struck in all my life. I was coming up this street last year about this time when I saw a 50 cent piece lyin jest about here. I made a grab fur it, fell on my nose and rolled all over and finally got up to find that a boy had a string on the money and had pulled it into that doorway."

"And so you were shy of this one?"

"Yaas, I was shy."

"And are half a dollar behind the game?"

"Yaas, I'm half a dollar out. Say, are you in a hurry?"

"Yes—great hurry."

"Wall, I'll hev to find somebody else then. I want to find a feller who'll sot down with me fur about two hours and post me up. I'm comin into Detroit once a week now, and I want to find out what's got strings to it and what's lyin around loose and kin be picked up."—Detroit Free Press.

A Countryman's Suggestion.

A countryman who boarded the fireboat New Yorker at her berth at the Battery the other day was interested to observe the completeness of her equipment for fighting fire along the river front. Her powerful pumps and ingenious arrangements for directing the streams upon burning buildings or into the holds of vessels filled him with admiration. Then he asked the engineer to show him the workings of the searchlight. He took it for granted that there was one and was amazed to learn that there was no electrical plant at all on the boat. This would appear to be a curious deficiency in a boat otherwise perfectly appointed, and it is difficult to see how so obvious a need could have been overlooked in the building of the New Yorker. The countryman's discovery has led to a discussion of the need of a searchlight and may lead to its introduction on the boat. It is admitted that such a light would be of the greatest value to the New Yorker in finding its way at night about among the crowded and tangled slips. It would, moreover, make it possible to direct a powerful light upon the fronts of warehouses, to the very great assistance of the firemen. Electric lights on the boat would also be supplied in place of the old fashioned oil lamps that are now in use.—New York Sun.

How He Wore His Shoes.

"I'll bet any one in the party," Colonel Jack Gambill said to a group of acquaintances one day, "that I did something when a growing boy out in old Tennessee that has never been done by any one before or since."

"What was that, colonel?"

"I wore out my first pair of shoes without both feet being shod at the same time."

"Explain."

"You see, it was this way. Shoes were a novelty to me. The shoemaker was slow, and I was impatient, as all boys are, for a new thing. He finished one of the shoes on a Saturday and told me I would have to wait another week for its fellow. I couldn't stand that, so I took the one shoe and wore it to such an extent that when I went for the other I had to leave the first one for repairs. It went on this way week after week, and somehow I never could bring that pair of shoes together on my feet. The family was too poor to think of buying me an additional pair. Odd thing, wasn't it, to have one foot in leather and paddling the hoof with the other? Boys'll do queer things sometimes."—San Francisco Call.

The Natural Death.

The natural death is no utopian dream. Both longevity and euthanasia are within the reach of mankind. Not a few have already secured both, while many more may find them. I have seen the man. He was old. He had neither pain, anger nor sorrow. Finally his intellect began to lose its power. His ambition changed to a desire for repose. His ideas of space, time and duty lingered for a moment, then passed away. Step by step his powers waned. Happily, painlessly, carelessly the moments flew. The merry sounds of youth at play and the hum of the busy world only rocked him gently to sleep. On and on he passed until his intellect ceased and consciousness was no more. This is the true euthanasia. It suggests no terror; it inflicts no pain; it brings no agony. —Dr. J. Hobart Egbert in Dietic and Hygienic Gazette.

Kissing.

It was a woman of the world who said: "Kissing is like any other intoxicant; once you cultivate a taste for it there is no such thing as getting enough of it." And it was a young matron with a heart full of love for her firstborn who declared in the very face of the crusty old doctor's learned objections to kissing that as long as there were mothers and babies in the world there would be kissing ad libitum.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Comforting.

Patient—Well, doctor, how's my lung?

Doctor—Pretty fair—it will last as long as you live.—Hallo.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

The sun rose over the field of wheat
And warmed the breath of an early spring.
The smiling flowers made the morning sweet,
And there were caroling birds to sing.
And by the brook were children at play,
Planning their childish games for the day.

But the sun sank over a field of red,
Leaving no wheat nor a farmhouse there,
Only the ghastly lines of the dead
And blackness and ruin everywhere.
And along the brook, instead of play,
Were the silent forms of blue and gray.

—F. H. Sweet.

Wine In Bottles.

The increase of the strength of wine by keeping depends upon whether it is kept in cask or bottle. If stored in cask, there is a constant increase of alcohol. The ancients knew that wine improved if kept in leathern bottles, and the same result is obtained by keeping it in wooden vessels, for both leather and wood are more easily penetrated by water than by alcohol. Evaporation ensues from both, but more freely from water, and the wine consequently becomes richer in alcohol. On the other hand, the opinion that wine has grown old in bottles and therefore become stronger is thoroughly false. Evaporation is very much hindered by the cork, even when this is not covered with rosin and sealing wax. The simple explanation of our finding old bottled wine rich in alcohol is that only the stronger wines can be preserved and the weaker ones cannot resist the effects of time. At the same time, although all wine must eventually be spoiled and weakened by keeping it in bottles, yet some kinds acquire, as a first consequence of that cause which afterward destroys them, and which is neither more nor less than the chemical alteration in their constituents, properties which render them more agreeable both to smell and taste.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Uniforms to Scare the Enemy.

According to the report prepared by the war department, red uniforms were first adapted by the Emperor Valerius Maximus in order that the Roman soldiers might not be frightened by the sight of their own blood. To this day the children of England are told that this is the reason why French troops wear red trousers, and French children are taught the same notion respecting the red coats of the British. The legionaries of ancient Rome wore the skins of bears on the field of battle to make them look fierce. For the same reason they put figures of frightful beasts on their shields and helmets. From this odd custom springs modern crests and armorial bearings. The idea of scaring the enemy by such devices has been perpetuated up to quite recent times. Tall bearskin hats were originally adopted to make them look taller by the French cuirassiers, each of whom carried a handful of grenades for scattering among the ranks of their foe.—Troy Times.

Sun Spots.

It has been observed that after the sun spots have been at a minimum the summers are hotter, just as though there was more heat coming from the sun at such periods, and the fact has been accounted for by supposing that sun spots are caused by vast clouds of matter erupted from the sun and condensed in the surrounding space. These act as screens and prevent the sun's heat from radiating freely through them. From an examination of statistics A. B. McDowall, M. A., has found that in England during the hot summers, following the minima of sun spots, the month of August is hotter than July, an effect due, in all likelihood, to accumulation of the heat.—American Register.

The Giant Guards.

The distinction of having the greatest number of tall men in one company belongs to the First battalion of the Scots guards. The "A" or right flank company of that battalion has over 90 men on its roll, and their average height is 6 feet 2¼ inches. There are 12 men in the company over 6 feet 4 inches, and one stands slightly over 6 feet 7 inches. No individual member of the company is less than 6 feet in height.—London Court Journal.

Workmen's Tools of Moses' Time.

A collection of tools used by workmen in building the pyramids of Egypt that is owned by a famous Egyptologist indicate that many tools credited to modern ingenuity were in use when Moses was troubling the pharaohs. It is also announced that a furnace has been unearthed somewhere along the Nile in which hot blast was used centuries before the modern Neilson formulated the same idea.—Age of Steel.

It is put forward as one proof of the change of climate in England within the past centuries that fig trees bore fruit. In the Deanery garden, at Winchester, is a fine old fig tree from which James I picked fruit in 1623. At West Tarring, in Sussex, a large fig tree still stands, said to have been planted by Thomas a Becket.

An impure condition of the blood and an irritated state of the nerves which arises from it are common causes of sleeplessness. Thus it is that in disorders of the liver want of sleep and bad dreams are very common.

Louis Kossuth did not like the name by which Faneuil hall is known. Said he, "I do not like the idea that you call this place 'the cradle of liberty,' for cradle scents of mortality, and liberty is immortal."

Newton abandoned the idea of publishing several of his works for fear of criticism. They were left in manuscript and were published after his death.

Neither Gray, Fielding nor Akenside ever sat for a portrait, and their features are known to later times by pictures painted from memory.

Hardi, the great French dramatist, wrote 800 dramatic pieces between the years 1600 and 1637.

SENSATIONS OF DROWNING.

The Experiences of a Man Who Barely Escaped a Watery Grave.

When the water rushed into my lungs and stomach, it felt for all the world like a pleurisy pain, which has also given me a tussle in later years, but was over in a second, writes a man who was once nearly drowned. Then my body settled quietly to the bottom, and my arms fell limp by my side. In my half conscious condition I could see all my relatives and acquaintances crowding about me and looking down on me with tearful faces. All the events, it seemed, of my career passed slowly in review, and the good, bad and indifferent acts stood out before me in bold relief. I knew I was drowning and remember thinking, "Why, this is not so hard, after all!"

I wondered where my body would be found and shuddered at the thought that it might never be found. I also wondered whether or not my companion had become alarmed and run away and left me to my fate, or whether he was diving here and there to find me. Then I pictured my burial, and how the clods would resound on my coffin when it was lowered into the grave, and my fate would be pointed out to other boys by anxious mothers as a warning.

At the next stage I could hear bells softly ringing in the distance, together with little tinklings and chirrups sounding in my ears. Then I began to see pretty pictures. The colors of the rainbow danced before my eyes and intermingled and formed into all sorts of odd shapes. I had no pain and no fear of what was expected to follow. I seemed to be enchanted at the scene before me. Everything was light and calm and moved about without any visible impelling force. It was like looking into a large mirorr with every beautiful thing that the most vivid imagination could conjure up revealed thereby.

The last stage that I entered increased the beauty of the surroundings. All discordant noises ceased and were superseded by the softest, sweetest music that could be thought of. Apparently I had been transported to a place flooded with bright, calm sunshine. It was neither too hot nor too cold, but seemed like a clear autumn day. Then I seemed to rise from the ground and float off into space like thistle down. Higher and higher I went until I seemed to look down on the world from a great height, and then came a blank.

The next thing I knew I was lying on the raft with my companion looking down on me with a pale face.—New York Journal.

Chinese Women's Feet.

It is the common understanding among Americans that the women of China have dwarfed feet. From the time that China was opened to explorers books of travel, and especially school textbooks, have been filled with descriptions of the dreadful agony to which Chinese women were subjected to make their feet small. According to these stories and according to the popular belief in America, the feet of Chinese girl babies are put in compresses until their growth has been stunted.

Travelers in China have described the attempt of Chinese women to walk as something very painful. No one would be shocked at Mrs. Yang Ju's pedestrian style. It is true, the interpreter of the legation tells me, that in the southern provinces of China women's feet are dwarfed, but it is only in the southern provinces that small feet are considered a mark of aristocracy.

Mrs. Yang Ju's feet were never put through the dwarfing process. Neither are the feet of her children undergoing that painful operation. The little tots run about the legation halls freely, and on the day when I was there one of them took a long peep at me through the doorway of the reception room when I was not supposed to be looking in that direction. This little fellow was dressed in the gaudy silks which are an invariable feature of the Chinese custom.—Washington Star.

Strange Captivity.

The springbok of South Africa migrate in vast herds, moving in a compact body and carrying everything before them. If a flock of sheep be in the line of march—as it sometimes happens—it is surrounded, enveloped and becomes, willingly or unwillingly, part of the army. An African hunter tells the strange story of seeing a lion in the midst of the antelopes, forced to join the march. It is supposed that the lion had sprung too far for his prey, that those upon whom he alighted recoiled sufficiently to allow him to reach the ground, and then the pressure from both flanks and the rear prevented him from escaping from his strange captivity.

If the springbok travels in such armies, how can those in the middle and rear find food? In this wise: Those in the front ranks, after they have eaten greedily of the pasture, gradually fall out of the ranks to rest, while the hungry ones in the rear come up, and so the columns are all the while changing.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Adirondack Lakes.

One of the most striking phenomena of the Adirondack region is the carrying power of the human voice in still weather upon the lakes great and small. Persons ashore easily hear the ordinary conversation of others who are so far out upon the lake as to be indistinguishable, and as a great many Adirondack visitors habitually violate the law touching the slaughter of deer all such offenders are extremely careful not even to whisper a word that might betray their guilt when rowing upon the lakes. —Exchange.

An Inference.

Cora—You want me to describe my friend, Miss Pleiners? She's a charmingly vivacious and witty girl, an excellent conversationist, accomplished, bright and intellectual.

Tom (disappointed)—Oh, pshaw! Why didn't you tell me she was ugly in the first place.—Chicago Record.

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Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1935 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a ; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 454 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemstege, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1065 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 63d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 709 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, P J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 445 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 861 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 859 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 3d and 4th Sundays, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 22rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 123 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 122 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 483 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 129 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, P T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 223 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 2806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Went Worth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Beckting, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo P Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schnagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 3060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, P DeGuise; T, Joseph Boudard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John F Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schemmer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer

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ESTATE OF MARGARET DUNNE AND JOHN J. Dunne, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Dunne or John J. Dunne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of Jun-, A. D. 1894, being the 18th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, April 25, 1894.
MARY HAGERTY,
Executrix De bonis non, etc.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ROOMS 910-912 SCHILLER BUILDING, 109 RANDOLPH-ST.

ESTATE OF CORNELIA NORRIS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Cornelia Norris, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1894, being the 18th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, April 25, 1894.
FRANK W. NORRIS, Administrator.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, LAWYERS, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

ESTATE OF MARY HOGAN QUINN, ALIAS Mary Hogan, deceased—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary Hogan Quinn, alias Mary Hogan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1894, being the 18th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, April 24, 1894.
WINNIFRED QUINLAN,
Administratrix.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Estate.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, LAWYERS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Probate Court of Cook County. To the May term, A. D. 1894. Patrick J. McCarthy, Administrator of the estate of John Reynolds, deceased, vs. Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy, Patrick Kennedy, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Robert Berger, as Trustee, Henry Martin and John Holloway. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.
Affidavit of the non-residence of Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy and Patrick Kennedy, defendants above named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of said Probate Court of Cook County, notice is hereby given to the said Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy and Patrick Kennedy that the said petitioner, Patrick J. McCarthy, Administrator of the estate of John Reynolds, deceased, has heretofore filed his petition in said Probate Court of Cook County, praying for a decree for the sale of the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased or so much of it as may be needed to pay the debts of said deceased, and described as follows, to-wit: Lot number One (1) in Dickey and Baker's Subdivision of Block Five (5) in Thompson and Holmes' Subdivision of the east forty five (45 acs) acres of the north sixty (60 acs) acres of the Southeast quarter (S. E. ¼) of Section Seventeen (17) Township Thirty eight (38) North, Range Fourteen (14) east of the Third (3d) principal meridian, situated in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, subject to a trust deed dated May 31, 1889, given by said decedent to Robert Berger, Trustee, to secure his note for the sum of $500, of even date with said trust deed, and that a summons has been issued out of said court against you, returnable to the May Term, A. D. 1894 of said court, to be holden on the third Monday of May A. D. 1894, at the Probate Court room in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County.
Now unless you, the said Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy and Patrick Kennedy shall personally be and appear before said Probate Court of Cook County, on the first day of a term thereof, to be holden at Chicago, in said county, as aforesaid, on the third Monday of May 1894, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's petition filed therein, the same and the matters and things therein charged and stated, will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you, according to the prayer of said petition.
ROGER C. SULLIVAN, Clerk
Sullivan & Healy, Compl't's Sol'rs.

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